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# THE ARTIST.

APRIL, 1843.

## THE CITY OF FOUNTAINS,

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

A CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN, springing like a thing of life from the level ground, soaring aloft, with mysterious power, to hover on rainbow pinions, and sport its dazzling plumage in the ardent sun, is one of the most delightful objects in the world. It fascinates by its inherent mystery, not less than by its exquisite beauty. There is something akin to a sense of the supernatural in the spell with which it attracts and binds the attention of the observer, and there are but few minds which yield not to the influence. A law of nature, deemed universal, seems to be suspended, or reversed, in its prerogative of leaping from the dark dull earth, and revelling high in the bright air, vigorously and continually, without the instincts and powers of a naturally animated being. It triumphs, like a young and superior creature, over the wrinkled impotency of the prostrate surface beneath it, hopelessly bound down by the irrevocable edict of gravitation; and displays a privilege supposed to be enjoyed only by the winged tribes and angels. For neither the law of fluids in which the secret of its strength is hid, nor the human art that has aided it, is exhibited to observation, but remains remote, for after reflection and inquiry. And who is at once inclined to dissolve the magical charm of so splendid an existence, by the cold explanations of science? Know we another so richly combining the attributes of confluent grace, aspiring vi-

gor, hallowed purity, teeming brilliance, and enchanting hues?

New York is destined to become, pre-eminently, the City of Fountains. Her present exotic and dependant name will be changed; and adopting one from the celestial signs, or from classic story, she may be known to futurity as Aquarius, or Castalia. Clapsed in the arms of the ocean, and her growing population confined from free egress to the green fields and woodlands by a natural boundary, which can be crossed only at a few points and inconvenient distances, her people will demand of their chosen guardians, that ample provision be made within her island borders, of public squares and open pleasure grounds; of baths, lakes and fountains, replete with the magnificence of architecture and the loveliest charms of natural foliage. Verdant and shady scenes, sacred from the insatiable career of the common builder; groves, avenues and labyrinths, of various shrub and spreading beech, and elm and oak, consecrated to sculpture, health and enjoyment, will be reserved and cultivated, amid the arid wilderness of streets around them; and from the heights of Hoboken, Weehawken, and Kingsbridge, will be seen, in the blaze of noon, or the florid radiance of evening, or the sweet solemnity of moonlight, the bright tresses of many a stately fountain, waving over the resorts of pleasure and repose, and distinguishing them to the distant eye, from the general

mass of gloomy toil and mercenary care.

So prophesies the Spirit of the Fountain ; and the existing facilities for its realization give probability to the prediction. No city, whether of an ancient or of a modern date, can boast of a greater affluence of resources than ours has now acquired, for rendering it a City of Fountains ; and, we may add, that none has so nobly emulated the best and greatest labor of Hercules, to obtain them. Not Solomon for Palmyra, Semiramis for Babylon, Sesostris for Memphis, nor Claudius Crassus for Rome, achieved so stupendous a work of enterprise, magnificence and skill, as our free and sovereign citizens have accomplished for this new city of a continent until lately unmarked in the map of the globe, and lost even to tradition. Of the famous aqueducts of Rome, the Appia, the Vetus, the Tepula, the Marcia, the Julia, the Virginis, the Alseitina, the Claudia, the Novus, the Trajana, and the Sabatina ; not one may compare, without disparagement, with our Aqueduct of the Croton. That of Justinian, at Constantinople, and of Hadrian, of Athens ; that of Segovia, in Spain ; of Syracuse, in Sicily ; of Spoleto, in Italy ; of Patras, in Greece ; and of Metz, Nisme, Lyons and Paris, in France, are each and all, of a greatly inferior character.

Of the more modern aqueducts of the Maintenon, near Paris ; of Genoa, Lucca, Naples, Lisbon, Pontcyclyte, Edinburgh and London, not one may claim equality with our mightier Croton. The Aqua Appia of Rome, justly considered one of the greatest monuments of ancient enterprise, conducted its water but little farther than eleven miles ; and the daily supply furnished by the whole fourteen aqueducts of the imperial city united, did not exceed, if indeed amount to, forty millions of gallons. The eight water companies of the British Metropolis, supply less than thirty millions, and those of Edinburgh and Philadelphia, each less than two millions. But our proud Croton Aqueduct, even now, and without its possible improve-

ments, yields the profuse quantity of fifty millions of gallons daily, and conducts it from a distance of more than forty-two miles ! It is, therefore, by far the largest and most copious of any known to have been constructed by any ancient or contemporary people, whatever the fabulists of history may pretend.

The traveller who, with long toil and suffering, sought the source of the Nile amid the mountains of Abyssinia, had scarcely so rational and comprehensive an object of ambition, as he who first sought the source of the Croton, for the purity, temperance, and health of this republican metropolis. This now inestimable river, springs from three principal sources among the hills of Putnam, and, therefore commences with as many branches. Of the middle branch, or rather main stream, the source, even yet, is not distinctly ascertained ; but the western branch is known to take its rise in a small lake of about two hundred acres ; and the eastern in another of nearly the same extent. The three branches are severally known as Plumb Creek, and the Muscott and Titian rivers, and uniting at Mechanicsville, they form the Croton. Eight miles below this point of confluence, a large dam is erected, which causes the water to rise through the backward distance of about five miles, and from this dam commences the vast line of the aqueduct. With a few short intervals of passage through rock tunnels and iron pipes, it forms a continuous brick tunnel for forty two miles, as before averred, in a line as nearly direct as the surmountable obstacles in the course of country would permit. It is stated by Frontinus that Quintius Marcius brought water to Rome, by a majestic aqueduct, from a spring sixty one miles distant ; but it is not contended that the aqueduct was of this length, nor that this distance was measured in a direct line ; on the contrary, there is evidence for the opinion that the spring rose in the hills surrounding the Lago Vulcano, within a comparatively near vicinity ; and the only ruins that remain of



the structure, are found in the Campagna around the city

Nor will we shun the architectural question of height as well as distance. Admitting that the shorter aqueduct of Caserta and Spoleto were higher, these are the only exceptions we find; for the lofty aqueduct of Segovia, in Old Castile, which has been adduced as another exception, is, in reality, but one hundred and two feet high; while even the arches of our Harlem edifice will be one hundred and fourteen feet above the surface of the river that flows under them; and the walls of the duct that will confine the waters of the river that flows over them, will be more than one hundred and sixty feet above that level. And we may add that seven of the arches of this bridge will span a width of fifty feet, and the other eight arches have the still nobler width of eighty feet.

But let us return to the course of this illustrious work; trace its resistless march over the fields of its fame, and record its successive victories over the gigantic obstacles that arose in its way, until it made its triumphal entrance into our public squares, amid the plaudits of assembled myriads and stood before us, blazing with jewels and belted with rainbows, in the towering stature of THE FOUNTAIN! It is a history that should flow in our current literature, as well as live in the future chronicles of the age.

Advancing through the valley of the Croton, and thence into that of the Hudson, it arrives at the village of Sing Sing, and continues southward through the villages of Tarrytown, Dobb's Ferry, Hastings and Yonkers. At the last of these, it leaves the banks of the Hudson, crosses the valleys of Saw-Mill river and Tibbitt's brook, follows the side of the ridge that forms the southern boundary of the latter, to within a few miles of the Harlem river, where the high grounds of the Hudson so rapidly descend as to require the aqueduct to occupy the summit of the country between the Hudson and the Sound. Through this extent, which comprises

more than thirty-two miles of Westchester, it is an unbroken conduit of hydraulic stone and brick masonry; and within this space, it had to contend with and conquer not less than twenty-six streams which cross its way; numerous brooks and valleys of minor consequence. Arrived at the valley of the Harlem river, where it meets, on the south side, a precipitous rock, two hundred and twenty feet high, and at an angle of thirty degrees, it strides over it in a bridge of fourteen hundred and fifty feet, and has still to accomplish the erection of culverts, and the excavation of huge tunnels through the solid rock. Of the former, it had to build not less than one hundred and fourteen, in the course of its march; and of rocks of gneiss and marble, it had to excavate four hundred thousand cubic yards! It had also to provide thirty-three ventilators, to allow a circulation of air to its waters, besides six waste wiers to carry off the superfluity inclosed in stone buildings with arched roofs of brick work.

Crossing the Manhattan valley, the Asylum ridge and the Clendenning valley, it takes its commanding position at the receiving reservoir on York Hill. This prodigious structure is bounded on the north by 86th street, on the south by 79th street; by the 7th Avenue on the west, and the 6th Avenue on the east, five miles from the City Hall, and contains an area of thirty five acres, in two divisions, in one of which the water is twenty feet deep, and in the other thirty; and its whole capacity, as it now stands, is one hundred and fifty millions of gallons! From this reservoir, the water is conveyed by a double line of pipes, three feet in diameter, to the distributing reservoir on Murray Hill, the highest ground in the vicinity of the city, and about three miles from the Mills. In order to maintain the elevation of the water in this reservoir, it was necessary to raise its walls an average height of forty-five feet above the streets that bounded three of its sides; and these walls are hydraulic stone masonry, constructed with

openings to give a more enlarged base. Like the receiving reservoir it has two divisions, in each of which there is an apparatus for drawing the water from the bottom and discharging it into the Hudson, whenever it may be necessary to cleanse it of sediment. The main reservoir, or dam, by which these last are supplied, is entitled to the distinction of a lake, for it covers four hundred acres of land, and is available for five hundred millions of imperial gallons, above the level that would enable the aqueduct to discharge thirty-five millions a day! To these great works must be added, the bridge of the valley of Clendenning, the height of which, in the centre, is fifty feet, and its length nearly two thousand.

After a discussion in the city councils and in the public journals, through several previous years, in the year 1835, the commissioners appointed under a law of the State, reported a well matured plan of the undertaking. It was approved by the Common Council, and at the Spring election of the same year, it was submitted to the people for confirmation or rejection. To their honor be it recorded, it was adopted by a popular vote of 17,330 affirmatives to 5,963 negatives. The aqueducts of Rome were built by soldiers and slaves; ours, voluntarily by freemen. It is estimated that its cost, when completed in all its ramifications, will be nearly ten millions of dollars; but for the want of the water, which it now furnishes to every house, twice this amount of property was destroyed by the antagonist element in a single night, at the close of the year in which the work was ordered by the people. And what pecuniary price is too high for cleanliness, temperance, and health? It would be but the cost of a fluid, as essential to our existence as that which flows in our veins, and of which, in fact, the latter is chiefly composed. Indeed a just estimate of its importance and manifold benefits, may induce the future historian to adopt the date of its introduction into this city, as the true date of our civilization.

The sense of its value, which was cherished by our citizens at large, was well displayed in the popular jubilee which celebrated its arrival among us. The fair morning of the 15th day of October, 1842, was saluted by the chorus of a hundred cannon. On spar and spire, the star-beaming banner of the country rolled out its rich folds to the rising sun. The windows, balconies, and roofs of public edifices and dwellings were clustered with spectators of the expected pageant. The Park, Battery, and other principal places of congregation, were billowy seas of human life, to which every street was the channel of a tributary tide. The plumes, ensigns, and glittering arms of our citizen soldiery, were borne amid the swell of triumphal music, rolling far and near. Countless civic companies, and benevolent associations, each with designating banners and emblems, profuse in wreaths and festoons of flowers, were seen marching to their appointed places of rendezvous, until called to unite in the general procession. And all citizens, old and young, male and female, were abroad that joyous day, to welcome and adorn it.

Then arose, amid the shouts and cheers of music of at least three score thousand of the manly and the fair, "THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK," of which, as it was then displayed, we present an admirable drawing and engraving in this number. The sight, though familiar in other cities, was not less a splendid novelty than a proud trophy in ours, and it was greeted with a universal burst of exultation. In other parts of the city, temporary jets, of various pretensions to taste and beauty, but all possessing the charms of novelty and opportune display, were conducted from the numerous hydrants which every where welled forth their lavish torrents; and thousands of persons for the first time quaffed a draught so pure. Be it also emphatically recorded, that the very streets were made clean by these strange and profuse ablutions; and the highways of all the principal thoroughfares, through which



the processional concourse was designed to pass, were so changed in their wonted condition, that hapless men and steeds were no longer to be seen engulfed and struggling in the sloughs and quagmires ! The procession extended seven miles, in close and unbroken line, begirding the greater portion of the city. It extended, at the same moment, from the fountain in the Park, through Broadway, above Union Square, and around *its* soaring fountain, back through the Bowery, to the Park Fountain again ! It would require a volume, rather than a page, adequately to describe it ; and glowing poetry, instead of sober prose, to impart the feelings it inspired. The virtue, the valor, the wealth, the wisdom, the benevolence, the philanthropy, the industry, the skill, the learning and the science of our people were there, in emulous array ; and passed, nearly the livelong day, under the waving hands and greeting eyes of endless, eager throngs of bright maids and matrons ; love and beauty, mingling with smiling age and ecstatic childhood, to bless and hallow their enlightened pilgrimage. And next to the apparently interminable line of devoted and intrepid citizens composing our Fire Department,—so specially associated with the celebration of an epoch, from which their future dominion over the Grand Destroyer would be dated—no part of that magnificent pageant was so impressive of moral grandeur, as the numerous and well-emblazoned ranks of the new army enlisted in the exalted cause of Temperance, whose banners predicted victory over another Grand Destroyer, more ruthless and desolating than he of the smoke and flame. And this, in all things, glorious festival, terminating with oratory and poetry, with eloquence and song, in the public halls, and in those of a thousand mansions and humbler dwellings, amid an illumination that rivalled the light of noon.

With the advantages which the mighty enterprise of the Croton Aqueduct has secured to her, why should our fair metropolis, the acknowledged queen of this

new western hemisphere, be less distinguished than the most renowned of the old world, for her public baths and fountains, and purifying streams ? Rather why should she not stand illustrious and renowned over all ? It has been shown to demonstration, that her resources for this pre-eminence are ample and unequalled, even beyond compare. Will not that high public spirit which developed and secured them, bid them be thus liberally and patriotically applied ? Will our citizens long hear with patience that most of the principal cities of Europe and Asia, with resources far inferior, have fountains as far superior ? At Versailles, near Paris, though all the water that supplies them is pumped up from the Seine, there are fountains which for gorgeousness and beauty of design, and profusion of display, leave those which we have as yet constructed as humble in contrast as a bubbling rivulet with the mountain cataract. And we might advert to many other disparaging examples. In truth there are few large cities, even under despotic governments, by whom the comfort and happiness of the people are supposed to be disregarded, that are not better provided than the best of ours, where the populace is the supreme power, with the means of recreation and enjoyment in their public grounds. Our naturally capacious Park, fenced in and hideously deformed with posts and chains, appropriate to barbarism and bondage, instead of civilization and freedom, is destitute of a single seat to relieve the weariness of childhood or of age. The said chains are, therefore, used as seats ; and thus instead of protecting the green sward from mutilation, they are actually the inviting cause of its perpetual injury and deformity.

On the grounds of the Battery, where no petty barriers, so offensive to independent feeling and social confidence, are placed, the better shaven verdure is protected by the surer dictates of public taste and responsibility ; and its consequent superiority, in neatness of surface and outline, is

manifest to all. But shall not the Battery grounds be adorned and refreshed with a fountain? So remote is its situation from the great mass of the population, yet so enchanting in its views, and so invigorating in its ocean air, that it will ever continue to be visited by citizens of every class and age, as a precious paradise, however long and fatiguing be the journey, or discouraging the thought of leaving its cooling breeze, for the suffocating atmosphere of dusty and noisome streets, in the gloomy task, of returning home. Let it, then, be furnished with a fountain of free and hospitable waters for the weary visitor; and, moreover, with more relieving seats than it now can boast. The neat iron seats, with backs and arms, and painted green, which afford such luxury in the delightful grounds around the Capitol at Washington, are the best, both for durability and comfort that could be devised; and should be provided for all our public squares.

Nor let us forget the claims of our spacious Washington Square, to the acquisition of at least a central fountain, and other popular accommodations. It is one of the largest and noblest in the world, yet the least ornate and agreeable. Waters and resting places it has none; and the first appeal it makes to its guests, is an appeal to their powers of endurance. Tompkins Square will speedily present similar claims, and they should rather be anticipa-

ted than deferred. Even if our city government were to be incited only by the prevailing motive of gain, in the production and improvement of taxable property, it would be expedient thus to render such neighborhoods attractive; although the happiness of our generous and liberal population should be a paramount incentive.

But we fondly cherish the hope that posterity, for whom, still more than for the present generation, the colossal works of the Croton were constructed, will fully realize the vision in which we indulged at the commencement of these reflections. That not only our present public areas will be well supplied with plumy waters and limpid basins, and more convenient appliances of taste and comfort, but also that others, upon a far more liberal scale, will be reserved in the higher sections of the island. O! let our civic fathers kindly spare to us a few of its natural eminences and declivities—of its tufted hills and curving valleys—from the levelling hand of mercenary improvement, that our children may retain some faint memorials of the living lineaments of their parent soil. A city of fountains it will become almost of necessity; but let us see some of those fountains surrounded by the enhancing charms of the natural fields, that it may boast of being, at once, a *rus in urbe*, the favored daughter of the ocean, and the emporium of the world.

## L'ARTISTA.

Come colui che nelle cave d'oro  
In Ungheria, in Inghilterra, in Spagna,  
Quanto più sotto va, maggior tesoro  
Trova, e più s'arricchisce, e più guadagna;  
O come da un monte alto, coloro  
Che salgon, scuopron sempre più campagna,  
E terre, e mari, e mille cose belle,  
E fausi più vicini anche alle stelle,

Così nell'opra mia, quanto più innanzi  
Si va, signor, se'l ver volete dire,  
Sempre più par ch'altrui tesoro avanzi,  
Sempre più luce se ne vade uscire:  
Quel ch'è passato, e quel ch'io dissi dianzi,  
È nulla, appresso a quel che dee venire;  
Più oro, e perle, e gioie tuttavia  
Trova la cava e la miniera mia.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

## THE ARTIST.

As they, who their unhappy task fulfil  
In mines of England, Hungary, and Spain,  
The deeper that they dig the mountain, still  
Find richer treasure and securer gain;  
And as wayfaring man who climbs a hill,  
Surveys, as he ascends, a wider plain,  
And shores and oceans open on his eye,  
Exalted nearer to the starry sky:

So in this book, indited for your pleasure,  
If you believe and listen to my lore,  
You, in advancing, shall discern new treasure,  
And catch new lights and landscapes evermore.  
Then by no former scale my promise measure,  
Nor judge this strain by that which went before.  
Since, still my caves and rugged rocks unfold  
A richer vein of jewels, pearls, and gold.

ORLANDO INNAMORATO.



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## ARNOLD AND THE COUNTESS CORDULA.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

ETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

"OLD fashioned sticks! Rational sticks! sticks for sober citizens!" exclaimed an old woman, standing with a bundle of sticks before her, on that pleasant public walk in Hamburg, called the Jungfern-stieg. Her stock in trade comprised canes and walking-sticks in endless variety, and many of them were adorned with knobs of ivory and bone, carved into grotesque heads and animal forms, abounding in grimace and absurdity. It was early in the day, the passengers were all hurrying in the eager pursuit of business, and for a long time the old woman found no customer.

At length she observed a well-grown youth, attired in that old Teutonic costume which it has pleased the enthusiastic students of Germany to revive in the nineteenth century. His step was the light bound of youth and happiness, and there was a kindling glance in his deep blue eye, and an involuntary smile of play upon his lip, which indicated that the cares of life were yet unknown to him. Soon as the keen orbs of the old woman discerned him, she screamed, with renewed energy—"Rare sticks! Noble sticks! knob and club-sticks for students! canes for loungers! Fancy sticks! Poetical sticks! Romantic sticks! Mad sticks! and sticks possessed with the devil!"

"The devil you have, Mother Hecate!" exclaimed our student, as he approached her; "then I must have one of them; so look out the maddest stick in your infernal collection."

"If you choose the maddest stick in my stock, you must pay a mad price for it," said the old woman. "Here is one with a mad devil in it, and mad enough to turn the brain of any one who buys it; but the lowest price is a dollar."

With these words she held up to his in-

spection a knotted stick, one which was carved in bone, the withered and skinny visage of an old woman, with hollow eyes and cheeks, a hook-nose, and chin as sharp as hatchets, and tending towards each other like a pair of pincers: in short, the very image of the old hag before him.

"Buy that stick, I'll warrant it a good one," whispered a musical voice in his ear. Arnold turned quickly round, and saw a youth of graceful figure, clad in the fancy costume of an English jockey, who nodded to him smilingly, and disappeared in the crowd. While Arnold was gazing in silent wonder at the youth, the old woman, who had also observed him, renewed her vociferations, with "*sticks a la mode!* whips for jockeys! canes for fops and dandies, fools and monkeys!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the startled student, "this poor creature must be madder than her whole collection. 'Twill be charity to purchase."

With mingled feelings of pity and disgust, he threw down a dollar, seized the stick, and hastened from her unpleasant vicinity. Soon as his back was turned, she saluted him with piercing screams of "Rods for treasure seekers! Wands for harlequins and conjurors! Sticks for beggars to ride to the devil on! Broomsticks for witches! Crutches for the devil and his grandmother!" and concluded with a laugh so horribly unnatural, that he sprang forward in alarm, and was on the point of throwing away his stick to banish the hateful resemblance from his thoughts, when, raising his hand for the purpose, instead of that horrid mask, he beheld with astonishment the smiling features of a nymph. Looking more intently, he discovered that the knob represented a sphinx carved in the purest ivory. He gazed upon

it with a delight which speedily banished the hateful old woman from his thoughts, and the longer he gazed upon the laughing little sphinx, the more enchanted he became with his prize, the more unconscious of what he was about, and whither he was going. Rambling onwards, he passed the city gate leading towards Holstein, and wandered in absorbing reveries, until the rude contact of an oak branch with his cap, restored to our visionary Arnold the use of his faculties, and made him sensible that he was entangled at night-fall in a pathless wood of considerable extent. "What a fool I must be," he exclaimed, "to fall in love with a knobstick, and lose myself in this ugly forest at dusk!" He burst into an involuntary laugh, which continued until he was interrupted by a yelling peal in reply. He would willingly have regarded it as the echo of his own, but there was a cutting and sarcastic tone in the responsive laugh, which created a suspicion that he was the sport of mirth or malice. "Surely the devil houses here!" he exclaimed, with emphasis, as he walked onward. Immediately a dozen voices answered him, and exclamations of "The devil houses here! Here! Here!! Here!!!" resounded from all quarters. More startled than before, he looked around him in perplexity, but a brief pause of recollection recalled his scattered senses. "Nonsense!" he muttered to himself, "these sounds are nothing but echoes; but the night is at hand, and I would willingly know where I am. But is there no lurking mischief near me?" thought he relapsing into suspicion that all was not right in these dusky woodlands. "Come out!" he shouted, "and do your worst; be you man or devil!" There was no immediate reply; but listening attentively, the word "devil," whispered at some distance, fell upon his ear. "This is beyond endurance," he exclaimed, as he rushed onward; "these cursed echoes will drive me mad."—"Mad! Mad! Mad!" replied a host of voices. "I am surely beset by a legion of devils," thought the

agonized youth, while his hair stood erect, and cold drops of perspiration rolled down his face. Collecting, by a sudden effort, his scattered energies, he brandished his stick, and rushed headlong through the tangled thickets shouting—"Have at ye all! Witches! Ghosts! and Devils!" He plunged forward like a maniac through the wood, until he stepped upon a toad, which yielded to the pressure; he lost his footing, fell breathless on the brink of a declivity, and rolled down the shelving side of a deep ravine, where he lay a considerable time, exhausted and senseless.

When restored to consciousness, he found himself reposing upon an embroidered sofa in a baron's hall. A lovely girl, of nymph-like hues and form, and robed with elegant simplicity, stood near his couch. Tresses of the brightest chesnut fell in waving luxuriance over her ivory neck and shoulders; her soft blue eyes shot rays as mild as moon beams upon the astonished Arnold; and around her bewitching mouth lurked a smile of indescribable archness and mystery.—In short, she was the startling resemblance, the very counterpart of the pretty sphinx-head upon his stick.

"In the name of wonder, where am I?" exclaimed Arnold, starting from the sofa, and gazing upon the lovely stranger with delight and amazement. "Have the wheels of time rolled back again? Have I been transported from that hellish forest to an angel's paradise? Or has any pretty sphinx been gifted with life and motion, like Pigmalion's statue? Or have I lost my senses? Or—pardon me, your ladyship!—you are surely no carved knob? I mean my lady, no ivory sphinx? I would say, that your lovely features are so mysterious that I am perplexed and amazed beyond expression."

"Good youth," replied the smiling fair one, "I pray you endeavour to collect your wandering faculties. I can assure you that there is nothing supernatural about me or my castle, which is well known in Holstein as the country residence of the



Countess Cordula. Rambling, as is my wont, by sunrise, I discovered you lying senseless in a deep hollow, near the castle. The stick you rave about is at your elbow. How it came in your possession I know not, but it once belonged to me; and the sphinx-head was carved by my page Florestan, who is an ingenious little fellow, and amuses himself with carving my features, and applying them to every thing grotesque and fabulous in the animal world."

Either my senses are the sport of dreams or this world is altogether an enigma," replied the still-bewildered Arnold; "I know very well that I live in the nineteenth century, and that I have studied at the University of Kiel. Common sense tells me that there are neither witches, ghosts, nor fairies, and yet I could almost swear that ever since yesterday noon I have been the sport and victim of supernatural agency. If, therefore, noble lady! you are really no fairy, but, in good faith, the Countess Cordula, and a human being, I trust you will pardon my strange language and deportment, and attribute them to the real cause—my unaccountable transition from the horrors of your park to this splendid hall, and the dazzling presence of its lovely owner."

"Singular being!" replied the blushing Countess, "you have introduced yourself to me and my castle in so abrupt and original a manner, that I feel somewhat curious to become better acquainted with such oddity. If, therefore, your time and engagements permit you to remain here a few days, I shall be happy to retain you as a guest, and to share with you the summer amusements of my splendid residence."

"Your kindness and condescension enchant me, lovely countess! I seek no happier fate," exclaimed the enraptured Arnold, pressing the hand of his fair hostess to his lips with fervent and deep delight. She acknowledged her consciousness of his undisguised admiration by a blush and smile of such flattering, such thrilling po-

tency, that her intoxicated guest already ventured to indulge in some audacious dreams of the possible consequences which might ensue from daily and incessant intercourse with this fascinating countess.

In a glowing tumult of delightful anticipations, he obeyed an invitation of his hostess to accompany her in a stroll through the castle gardens. Here a romantic scene of hills, and woods, and waters met the eye.

Returning to the castle, the countess led the happy student to her picture gallery, which contained some rare and admirable specimens of the old masters. The countess pointed out to him some matchless portraits painted by these great men, and dilated upon their merits with such grace, spirit and intelligence, that the figures seemed almost to start from the canvass, when touched by the wand of this enchantress. One department of the gallery was occupied by the pictures of a modern German artist, who seemed to have drawn his inspiration from the eccentric etchings of the inimitable Jacques Callot. Arnold, whose foible was a vivid and ill-regulated imagination, bestowed more earnest and admiring attention upon these ingenious caricatures, than he had devoted to the costly specimens of the old masters. Recollecting himself, he apologised to the countess for this singular preference, and explained it, by acknowledging himself an admirer of the eccentric tales and visions of Hoffmann, whose intense sympathy with the extravaganzas and capriccios of Callot was abundantly notorious. The countess replied only by a lifted fore-finger, and an arch smile, which reminded him somewhat disagreeably of his ivory sphinx, and he followed her in silence to the fine old gothic library, where she desired he would amuse himself for an hour, and left him.

He looked around for some book in a modern garb, and discovered a volume of his favorite Hoffmann, opened at the tale of the "Golden Vase." This he devoured with a relish so absorbing, that he had no

difficulty in tracing a mysterious and startling resemblance in his own adventures to those of the student Anselmo. "Surely" he exclaimed, "that student must be my double, and he, or I, or both of us, are phantasms in the manner of Callot." The sudden entrance of the countess dismounted him from his hobby, and although he felt a strong impulse to ask her if she thought he resembled a phantasm of Callot, the recollection that she had attributed his ravings about the sphinx to temporary derangement, gave him a timely check, and the silver tones of her melodious voice dispelled entirely his delusion; he was again the happiest of men, and the blissful hours flew by unheeded like moments.

Three days had vanished thus delightfully, when, on the third morning, our enamoured student heard with terror that the countess was confined to her apartment by indisposition, and not visible to any one. Arnold's anxiety was for some time excessive, but it gradually yielded to a growing suspicion that the countess was not altogether what she appeared. He recollected the story of the beautiful Melusina, who was at certain periods changed into a serpent, and carefully secluded herself when the hour of metamorphosis approached. His apprehension of a similar catastrophe was so enlivened by the strong resemblance of the countess to his ivory sphinx, that forgetting alike the obligations of decorum and gratitude, he rushed onwards to her private apartment, pushed aside the opposing servants, and abruptly entered the forbidden chamber. The curtains were closely drawn to exclude the glare of daylight, and the yellow rays of a large French lamp threw a soft and mysterious light around the spacious apartment. The lofty walls were decorated with a French landscape paper, on which were skilfully depicted the wondrous features of Egyptian scenery. In different compartments were seen the enormous pyramids and temples; the broad and venerable Nile, with here and there a crocodile reposing in long and scaly grandeur on its margin; and opposite the door was painted, in high and full relief, the mysterious head of the sphinx, resting its vast proportions on the drifted sand, and gazing in wild majesty over the vestiges of Egyptian grandeur, like the surviving monarch of a shattered world. The elegant Parisian furniture of this apartment was in corresponding taste,

and the countess was reclining upon a couch, supported by two large sphinxes, while all the tables were resting on the same pleasant-looking monsters. The lovely Cordula looked pale as an ivory statue; her lips were flushed with the glow of fever, and there was in her eyes a dark and melancholy lustre. She was reclining on her side, her bosom supported by her left arm, and when the agitated youth approached her, she raised the fore-finger of her right hand, and thus addressed him—"Arnold! Arnold! who are you? and who am I?" "My lovely sphinx!" exclaimed the bewildered student, "What do I see and hear! You propose to me an enigma, which it is impossible to solve. Do you think I am one of Callot's phantasms? or do you take me for *Cedipus* himself?"

"Arnold! Arnold!" continued the countess, in tremulous tones and evident anxiety, "if you could solve my enigma, I should expire before you; and yet my cruel destiny compels me to ask, 'who are you? and who am I?'" At these dreadful words, the unhappy Arnold felt his heart sink within him, his fairy visions vanished, his lips quivered with dismay, his knees smote together, his brain began to whirl, and all around him was mist and confusion. The sublime scenery which adorned the walls appeared to move around him like a panoramic landscape; the pyramids of Memphis and Saccara, the giant obelisks and temples, threw up their awful forms from earth to heaven, and stalked before him in colossal march, spectral visions of the past. The troubled waters of the Nile began to leave their bed, and the scaly monsters on its banks to creep with opening jaws around the chamber; while the numerous sphinxes which adorned it, assuming suddenly the form and features of the countess, pointed their warning fingers at the frenzied Arnold, and with smiles of boding mystery, screamed in his shrinking ears the fatal questions, "Who are you? and who am I?"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the agonized student, "I am hedged in by all the plagues of Egypt. Forbear! in mercy forbear!" he continued in delirious terror, while he covered his aching eyes and throbbing temples with his hands. "Forbear those horrid questions! I know not who I am. Would I had never been!" Rousing, by a desperate effort, his expir-



ing energies, he rushed out of the apartment, and fled from the castle to the adjacent wood. After running with headlong speed for some hours, he looked up, and, to his infinite amazement, found himself within a mile of the Holstein-gate of Hamburg, and the ivory knob-stick in his hand. Slackening his pace to a sober walk, and gazing at the pretty sphinx, he began to commune with himself:—"Surely the events of the last three days cannot have been a dream? No, impossible! They were far too lively and circumstantial for a vision. But, if not a dream, my Holstein countess must be well known in Hamburg. I will make diligent search, and on the spot." He began immediately to question every passenger he met, where the Countess Cordula resided; but no one had ever heard the name, or knew the stately baronial castle he described so minutely.

On the following morning, he hired a house in the centre of a pleasant garden overlooking the Holstein road. He chose this situation in the latent hope that the countess had deceived him by an assumed name, and that he might one day be so fortunate as to see her equipage on the road to or from Hamburg. The utmost efforts of his understanding had been unable to reach an entire conviction that his late adventure had been a dream. The startling questions of "Who are you? and who am I?" haunted him like spectres, and amongst many singular speculations, he began to indulge a suspicion that he had a double existence, and that he could inhabit two places at once. Whenever he approached his own lodgings, he often hesitated to open the door, from an apprehension that he should behold himself seated at the table.

On St. John's day, Arnold returned home from a long ramble, and sat down after dinner in his verandah, which commanded a view of the road and passengers. It was a genuine midsummer-day; the sun was hot and brilliant, and the dusty road was crowded with vehicles, horses, and pedestrians innumerable. Passionately fond of riding, he pictured to himself, in glowing colors, the delight of bounding along on a fine English hunter, and of displaying before the admiring eyes of numerous belles, his noble and fearless horsemanship. Reclining with his head and arms upon the railing of his verandah, he fell into a profound slumber, from which he was aroused by

that ominous question, "Arnold, who are you?" Looking up, he saw, in the garden, the elegant little jockey, whose mysterious recommendation of a stick on the Jungfern-stieg walk, had so much perplexed him. The laughing boy stood below the verandah, and, pointing towards Arnold with his right forefinger, repeated the annoying question, "Who are you!" Prompted both by anger and curiosity, the student started from his seat, rushed down stairs, and out of the house door, but the boy was gone.

Darting across the garden into the high road, the puzzled youth looked right and left, but in vain; the jockey had disappeared, and Arnold, after some fruitless inquiries, determined to join the gay throng, and amuse himself as well as he could without a horse. But all his endeavors to reconcile himself to the use of his own legs were ineffectual; and he recollected, with keen regret, those happy days of childhood, when a stick between his legs was as good as an Arabian courser. "Would I were but four years old," soliloquised our student, "I should mount this knotted stick, and believe myself on a real horse." Pursuing this train of thoughts, the visionary Arnold at length forgot there was a world without, as well as a world within him, and actually putting the stick between his legs, began to canter away with great speed and spirit, along the highway, to the indescribable amusement of the numerous passengers. Shouts of laughter resounded on all sides, but they fell unheeded or unheard upon the ears of Arnold, who pursued his ride with infinite satisfaction, until he beheld, in the distance, an equipage of surpassing splendor leave the avenue and strike into a cross-road. The only occupant of this dazzling vehicle was a young and elegantly attired woman. Soon as Arnold beheld the jockeys, he recognized the garb of the mysterious youth who had spoken to him on the Jungfern-stieg, and again but an hour since in his garden.—"That must be my lovely countess!" he exclaimed, as he bounded forward with lightning-speed to overtake the brilliant equipage. Finding his horse an encumbrance rather than a help, he transferred it from his legs to his fingers, succeeded at length in overtaking the carriage, and, to his inexpressible delight, discovered in the fair traveller his radiant and enchanting Cordula.

She immediately observed and recognized him. Stopping the carriage, she greeted the breathless and agitated student with a melodious voice, "Hah! Do we meet again?" said she. "Strange and incomprehensible youth! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to have mistaken me for an enchanted illusion? What do you think of me now? Am I a marble sphinx, or an ivory knob? Ha! ha! ha! you are truly an original personage. Do step into the carriage, and give an account of yourself."

The abashed and bewildered Arnold did not wait a second invitation. Springing, with an elastic bound of delight, into the vehicle, he took the proffered seat by its lovely mistress, and the four prancing Danes resumed their speed.

"Ah! my adorable countess," exclaimed the happy student, as soon as he could find breath and language, "why did you address me so mysteriously in that Egyptian chamber? And why did you recline upon your couch in the very attitude of the Egyptian sphinx? Dangerous and incomprehensible fair one! My nights and days are successive dreams, haunted by your angelic form. Even the common incidents of every-day life assume a supernatural and mysterious character; and, can you believe it, lovely countess! when I first beheld your equipage, I was mounted on this foolish stick, and cantering along the high-road like a brainless child, firmly believing all the while that I had a noble courser under me? Nay, more! I have even doubted the reality of those days of Paradise, which I lived under your hospitable roof; and even now, that your vicinity brings the sweet conviction home to my ravished senses, I am disturbed by a vague apprehension, that my present happiness is but a delusion which a word or look may dissolve for ever."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the countess, until the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Singular being! can you still doubt the evidence of your senses? When will these wanderings of fancy cease? Beware, friend Arnold, of indulging such pernicious excitements, or you will end in doubting your existence. You must struggle manfully against these dangerous hallucinations, and open your eyes and senses to a conviction that you are again my prisoner."

"Would I were your prisoner for life, most lovely countess! or that I had never

entered the sphere of your enchantments!" exclaimed the enamoured youth, with a gaze so fraught with tender meaning, that the blushing Cordula found it expedient to introduce a less hazardous topic of conversation."

The hours flitted on rosy wings over the enraptured student, as he listened to the music of her thrilling voice, and became each moment more enthralled, when the carriage stopped at a park-entrance, and the countess, with a smile of mystery, invited him to walk through her enchanted grove to the castle; and, with flattering familiarity, she took his arm and led him through the forest scenery which surrounded and concealed her castle. Suddenly a stream of brilliant light shot across the horizon. "Hah!" exclaimed Arnold, "what a splendid meteor!"

"It was no meteor," replied the countess, "but a rocket from the castle gardens. You will meet a numerous assemblage of my friends and neighbors, to celebrate my birth day by a *fête champêtre*, and a masked ball of dramatic costumes. That rocket was a signal to commence the illuminations, which are designed by my clever little page Florestan. He paints admirably in oil; and to-morrow," she added, with a sigh, "he shall paint your portrait, that I may at least possess a copy, in case the strange original should again abandon me. But I trust, Arnold, that your second visit will be more enduring than the first."

These words were uttered in a voice trembling with emotion, and the supremely blest student knelt to his fair enslaver, and, with a beating heart, stammered his tale of love. In blushing haste the lovely countess extended her ivory hands to the kneeling Arnold, and bade him rise. Still holding his hands in her's with a gentle pressure, she fixed upon his glowing features, a long and searching gaze! "Ah! Arnold! Arnold!" at length she said, in tones of impassioned modulation, "if you really loved me, you would not feel so inquisitive about me. You would love me for my own sake, regardless of the world and its opinions!"

"Celestial creature!" exclaimed the delirious Arnold, "henceforward you are my world, my universe. Pardon my daring hopes, and mad presumption, and make me the first and happiest of human beings, the husband of the beautiful, and highly gifted Cordula!" \*



"Dear Arnold!" whispered the blushing and gratified countess, "I am your's. Henceforward you are the chosen partner of my affections and my life; but beware of future doubts, and forget my singular questions in the Egyptian chamber. If you would not lose me for ever, destroy not our happiness by inordinate anxiety to know of what materials it is composed."

The fortunate student promised boundless confidence, and love everlasting, and sealed his promise with a fervent kiss upon the rosy lips of the blushing fair one. When this rapturous overflow of feeling had somewhat subsided, he observed a spectacle almost too dazzling for human vision. The noble mansion of the countess was illuminated from end to end, and reared its proud and castellated form like a huge pyramid of light. The ingenious Florestan had traced with lines of radiant lamps each buttress, tower, and pinnacle of the lofty edifice, which stood in bright relief before a dark back ground of woody hills. The stillness of the lovely night was now broken by a gentle breeze, which gradually swelled into a gust, and suddenly the sound of sad and thrilling harmony floated above the loving pair. A louder strain succeeded, and the whole atmosphere was suffused with the lofty intonations of harp-music, which soared insensibly into the solemn grandeur of an organ, and then died away on the breeze, like the faint and lingering whispers of an Æolian harp.

"Surely, my sweet Cordula!" exclaimed the wondering Arnold, "we listen to the music of the spheres. Whence come those awful sounds?"

"It is the giant's harp," replied the countess. "Seven powerful wires, tuned to the gamut, are stretched between the flanking towers which overtop the castle, and when it blows a storm, the pealing of this great weather-harp is carried on the gale for several miles."

The castle gates flew open, and a numerous train of youths and maidens, carrying torches, issued from the portal to meet the approaching pair, strewed flowers along their path, and danced before them, in gay procession, to the entrance of the great baronial hall of the castle. Immediately a crowd of dramatic maskers and mummers rushed forward to greet them. Arnold gazed in speechless amazement at the grotesque extravagance of garb and

feature exhibited in the masks and costumes of the numerous guests. All the witches, and demons, the ghosts, and grave-diggers, of Shakspeare and Goëthe; the harlequins, buffoons, and merry beggars of Gozzi, and Goldoni; and, yet stranger, the wild and grotesque conceptions of Callot, and Hoffmann, were embodied and let loose on this occasion. Arnold and the countess retired for a short time, to array themselves in the splendid costumes of Romeo and Juliet, and, on their return to the hall, the music played an inspiring measure, and the merry maskers separated into groups for dancing. Too much excited and astonished to join in this amusement, the student stood in silence by his countess, and gazed with painful forebodings upon the wild and fantastic scene around him.

"And where is Mephistopheles?" said Arnold, at length, somewhat ashamed of his long silence.

"He is the master of the revels," replied the countess, "and the best dressed character in the hall. His mask especially is an admirable piece of mechanism. Behold him standing on a table, directing the music and the dancers."

Arnold approached the table, and started with dismay when he beheld this awful conception of the highly-gifted Goëthe personified with superhuman accuracy. His tall figure was muffled in a Spanish mantle, his narrow forehead and upward slanting eyebrows were shaded by his hat and feather, and a half mask concealed only the higher portion of his unearthly visage, leaving exposed a mouth, cheeks, and chin, of brown, livid, and horny texture, like the skin of a mummy. The nostrils of his beaked nose were dilated with intense scorn, and a satanic smile lurked round his skinny lips and spreading jaws, while his small and deep-set eyes gleamed faintly through their pasteboard sockets, like nebulous stars. A sudden shivering ran through the frame of Arnold as the eyes of Mephistopheles, before so undistinguishable, were now protruding from the sockets of the mask, and glared upon him like the glittering orbs of a rattle-snake. Sick and giddy with abhorrence, Arnold covered his aching eye-balls with his hands, and by a convulsive effort released himself from the thralldom of this basilisk. Turning away, he would have rushed from the hall, but found himself hemmed in by the

grotesque and waltzing phantasms of Calot and Hoffmann, whose endless numbers darted in rolling succession round the immense hall, like the vast and buoyant articulations of a sea-serpent.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the countess at his elbow, as she made a signal to the band to cease. The dancers paused to refresh themselves, and the sweet converse of his lovely mistress soon roused the dreaming Arnold from his tragic visions, and restored him to a full sense of his happiness. The large folding-doors were now thrown open; the vivacious Florestan bounded into the hall, and summoned the countess and her guests to view his fireworks from the castle gardens. Immediately the mob of maskers rushed like a torrent through the portal, and spread themselves in gay and laughing groups along the margin of the lake. Upon an island in its centre appeared an illuminated tower, modelled after the castle of St. Angelo, at Rome. A signal rocket rose from the castle roof, and immediately a girandole of a thousand rockets rushed with volcanic force and brilliancy from the island-tower. The tower disappeared, and the vivid outlines of temples, palaces, and pyramids, appeared in magical succession, concluding with a lofty altar of colored lamps, before which stood two colossal candelabras. A venerable man, with silver locks, and clad in priestly garb, was kneeling in prayer before the altar, and by his side stood a young and beauteous chorister, swinging a golden censer. "My beloved Cordula!" exclaimed the delighted Arnold, "let not that splendid altar blaze in vain. Confirm at once my promised happiness, and bid that venerable priest unite our destinies for ever."

The blushing and agitated countess took his offered hand, and accompanied him to the margin of the lake, where rode a galley, gorgeous as that which bore the Queen of Egypt, and manned with numerous rowers. A velvet couch, under a silken canopy, received the beauteous pair, and the stately vessel, yielding to the efforts of the rowers, glided majestically over the tranquil bosom of the lake. A flight of marble steps, descending from the altar to the lake, was crowded with a group of choristers, each holding in his hand a blazing torch. They welcomed the enraptured Arnold and his countess with an hymenial chaunt, and accompa-

nied them to the foot of the altar, where the aged priest greeted the happy pair with a benevolent and approving smile. He joined their hands, and in deep and impressive tones proceeded to bestow upon them the final benediction. At this moment, the bridegroom thought he heard a voice whispering the fatal questions in his ear—"Arnold! who are you? And who is your bride?" He turned hastily round to look at the beauteous Cordula, and, oh horror! her bloom and freshness had disappeared; she was pale as a marble statue, and the position in which she reclined before the altar, was that of the Egyptian sphinx. Glancing hastily at the priest and choristers, the alarmed student beheld the fiendish smile of Mephistopheles lurking on the old man's lips, and the boy, before so different, was now the very image of the laughing Florestan. "No, by all that's sacred! Cordula! thou art no human being;" exclaimed the gasping and horror-struck Arnold, as he started on his feet. The countess uttered a wild and unearthly shriek, and in an instant the torches, lamps and tapers were extinguished by a fearful gust, which swept with blasting speed over the lake and island.

The bride, and priest, and choristers disappeared, and the stars were veiled in darkness, the giant's harp broke out in loud and wailing murmurs, the rain streamed down in torrents, hot lightnings hissed, and horrid thunder rolled around the heavens. The sleeping waters of the lake rose up in madness, the enormous waves threw up their foaming tops. Soon a loftier wave rushed up the staircase, drenched the luckless Arnold to the skin, tore up the solid marble, and covered the highest level of the tottering islet. Clinging with the last energies of despair to a contiguous shrub, the breathless and half-drowned youth regained his feet, after the wave receded. Again the lighting blazed upon the lake, and by its flitting glare, Arnold beheld the boiling labyrinth of waters articulate with life, and all the slimy worms and bloated reptiles of the Nile gliding and quivering with open jaws around him. With an inarticulate shriek of horror, he made a final and desperate effort to escape the teeming waters, and succeeded in gaining a high branch. Vain hope! a mountain wave, rising above the head of the devoted Arnold, swept man, and tree, and island into the yawning gulf.



End Here

## THE INDIAN SACHEM, SQUANDO.

BY SEBA SMITH, ESQ.

"Though they fall on a foe with a tiger's fangs,  
And joy and exult in his keenest pangs;  
The least act of kindness they never forget,  
And the sin of ingratitude ne'er stain'd them yet."

CLEAR-SIGHTED and impartial history will one day do justice to the memory of the original red men of this country. And when our great future historian shall arise and gird himself for the task, in turning over the bloody records of the almost innumerable conflicts between the red men and the white, since the latter found a foothold upon these shores, he will be surprised to find that the provocations for quarrels and hostilities in a large majority of cases came from the whites. It is not our purpose now to enter at all into the proof of this position; we are only about to glance at a single incident, as an illustration of our remark.

When Philip, the bold and heroic chief of the Wampanoags, was endeavoring to carry into execution his great design of exterminating all the whites by a general attack from the very numerous tribes throughout New England, there was a formidable tribe residing about the mouth of the Saco river in Maine, governed by a Sachem, or chief, whose name was Squando. This chief had always lived on terms of friendly intercourse with the English settlers in the neighborhood, and when the emissaries of Philip visited the eastern tribes and endeavored to draw them into his plans, they could make no impression whatever upon Squando. He turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, coldly rejected their overtures, and bade them tell Philip, the hatchet had long been buried on the banks of the Saco and no war-whoop should be allowed to disturb its quiet valley.

"The white man is my brother," said Squando; "we hunt in the same woods and paddle our canoes on the same waters.

I sit down at his table and eat with him, side by side, and he comes to my wigwam and smokes the pipe of peace without fear. I carry him venison for food and the soft beaver skin for clothing, and he gives me blankets and hatchets, and whatever I want. Why should I raise the tomahawk against my white brother? The tree of peace is green above our heads; let it flourish, and no blight come upon it forever. If Philip is a great chief, so is Squando; and let him beware how he crosses Squando's path. The tribes of the Saco, and the Presumpscut, and the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec, all look up to Squando with fear and respect, and will not draw the bow while the arrows of Squando remain quiet in his quiver."

Year after year the messengers of Philip returned with the same answer from Squando—"the white man is my friend; I will not take up the hatchet against him."

Squando was not only a powerful sachem, but he exercised also the office of priest, or powow, and the mysterious rites and ceremonies he practised helped to give him great influence over the neighboring tribes. Several years had passed, and the restless spirit of Philip had driven on his great enterprise with untiring assiduity. Many chiefs had joined in his league, frequent acts of hostility had been committed, and a dark and portentous cloud hung over the whole of New England, which threatened entire destruction to the white inhabitants. Still Squando remained the faithful friend of the whites, and kept the tribe around him in a peaceful attitude, till a cruel and unprovoked aggression upon his domestic happiness roused him to vengeance.

On a bright summer day in 1675, Lindoyah, the wife of Squando, paddled her light birch canoe on the bright waters of the Saco. Her infant, but a few months old, was sleeping on soft skins in the bottom of the canoe, while a light screen of green boughs, arched above it, sheltered it from the warm rays of the sun. It breathed sweetly the open and free air of heaven, and gently rolled to the slight rocking of the boat, as the careful paddle of the mother, with regular motion, touched the water. The joyous eyes of Lindoyah rested on her infant, with all a mother's devotion; and in a clear, soft voice she sang—

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Breathe the breath of morning;  
Drink fragrance from the fresh blown flower,  
Thy gentle brow adorning.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Rock'd by the flowing river,  
While for thy gentle, spirit-gift,  
Lindoyah thanks the giver.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Sweet be thy rosy dreaming,  
While o'er the flowery spirit land  
Thy blessed eyes are gleaming.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
No danger here is biding,  
While soft along the green-wood bank  
The light canoe is gliding.

Lindoyah in her morning excursion had called at one of the white settlements. Her babe had been admired, caressed, and praised, and she was returning home with a light heart. She had but about half a mile further to go to reach the wigwam of Squando, which stood but a few rods from the river. Her eye, as she was passing, caught a beautiful cluster of wild flowers a little way up the bank.

"I will gather them," said Lindoyah to herself, as she turned her little bark canoe to the shore, "and carry them to Squando. He has by this time returned from his morning hunt. Squando is a loving, gentle spirit, and the sight of the flowers will make his heart glad."

She drew the canoe gently up till it rested on the sloping grass, and with a light step ascended the bank. While she

was gathering the flowers, a couple of giddy, thoughtless sailors, wandering along the river shore, came to the canoe.

"Hullo, Jack," said he that was foremost, "see that little Indian toad lying there in the canoe."

"Yes," said Jack, "and I see his mother just now a few rods up the bank."

"Come, let's tip the canoe over," said Jim, "and see the little rat swim."

"See it drowned, more like," said Jack.

"No," said Jim, "I'll bet you a quid of tobacco it'll swim first rate. All young animals swim, you know, naturally; and I'll bet a young Indian will swim like a young duck. I'll try it, any how."

With that he gave the light canoe a whirl, and tipped the child into the river. At that instant, Lindoyah, who had heard the sound of their voices, came with a shriek, rushing down the bank, her eyes wild with terror and her long hair streaming in the wind, and sprang eagerly towards the water. Jim caught her by the arm, and held her back with great coolness, determined to take sufficient time to give his experiment a fair trial. Lindoyah shrieked, and struggled, and pressed toward the water, but the iron grip of the sailor held her fast.

The infant rested for a moment, motionless, with its face in the water; and then with a few convulsive movements of its limbs, began to sink. But it was not till it had entirely disappeared under the surface, that Jim released his hold on the arm of Lindoyah. The frantic mother leapt into the flood, and plunged after her child. She missed it; passed beyond it; and coming again to the surface, looked around with the wildness of despair.

"A little further down stream," said Jim; "there's the wake of it; try again; may be you'll fetch it next time."

Lindoyah plunged again, and in half a minute more came up with the infant in her arms. She swam with it to the shore, and ran out upon the bank, looking into its face with the most painful earnestness. It had neither breath nor motion. The sai-



lors, who had not intended to drown the child, now came towards her to offer assistance and try to resuscitate it; but Lindoyah instinctively fled from them, and ran farther up the bank. Here she sat down on the grass, and rubbed and chafed the babe for some minutes, and at last it showed signs of returning life. It breathed; it opened its eyes, and looked its mother in the face. It was not till now that Lindoyah's fountains of tears were unsealed. She hugged the child to her bosom, wept aloud, and kissed it over and over again. She continued chafing it tenderly till animation seemed sufficiently restored, and then sought her canoe and ascended the river to her dwelling.

Squando met her at the landing, with his gun in his hand, and a brace of ducks hanging over his shoulder. An expression of painful anxiety passed over his face as he beheld the condition of his wife and child; but no word escaped his lips. He took the babe in his arms and walked slowly into the wigwam. Lindoyah followed, and seated herself by his side. When she had related to him the circumstances of the outrage, Squando started from his seat, and seized his rifle, and thrust his tomahawk and scalping knife into his girdle.

"The white wolves shall die," said Squando, with an expression of bitter indignation resting upon his features. He rushed out of the door of his wigwam. In a moment he returned again, and stood for the space of a minute looking stedfastly in the face of his child. The babe looked exhausted and feeble, and its breathing was short and distressful.

"They shall die," muttered Squando, as he again left the cabin, and walked thoughtfully to the river. He stepped into his canoe, took his strong paddle, and drove the light shallop rapidly down the tide to the spot where Lindoyah had met the sailors. His fierce glance pierced the woods in every direction, but no person was in sight. He stepped ashore. His keen eye showed him where the canoe

had rested against the land; he traced the steps of Lindoyah where she had gathered the flowers, and where she had run in terror down the bank to the rescue of her babe. He saw and carefully measured the tracks of the two sailors where they had loitered around the canoe, and traced their footsteps through the grass and the bushes, till he came into the opening of the garrison house of Major Phillips, near the falls.

Jack and Jim had seen Squando's canoe descending the river, and fearful of the consequences of his resentment, they had fled into the garrison, where they were secreted. Squando went to the garrison and demanded of Major Phillips to know if the two sailors were there. The Major put him off, and evaded his inquiries. Squando related his grievances with a stern and haughty indignation. The Major endeavored to pacify him; told him Jack and Jim were to blame, had done very wrong, and when he should see them again, he would reprimand them severely. Squando was far from being satisfied; but he left the garrison and returned towards his cabin. As his canoe swept round a little bend in the river, he saw a white maiden standing on the bank. It was Elizabeth Wakely; a kind-hearted, gentle creature of sixteen, daughter of Mr. John Wakely, whose humble dwelling was within half a mile of the wigwam of Squando. She beckoned to him, and he turned his canoe to land.

"Carry this little bunch of flowers to the papoose," said the maiden, as she placed them in his hand. A sad smile lit up the countenance of Squando, as he received them and placed them in his belt.

"I will do as the maiden bids me," said the chief; "but the papoose is too ill to hold the flowers, and Squando is afraid before to-morrow's sun goes down he will go with the fading flowers far away to the spirit land."

"I will come round and see him directly," said the maiden, as the canoe shot away from the shore.

When Squando reached his landing, he

hastened into the wigwam, and fastened his eager gaze upon the features of his child. It had evidently faltered during his absence. Lindoyah had nursed it tenderly, and done every thing in her power to revive it; but the shock had been too great; the energies of life had been too severely taxed, and nature was giving way in the conflict. Squando was in some degree a medicine man himself, and he applied such remedies as his skill and experience suggested; and he called in the regular medicine man of his tribe; but all the applications were of no avail, the child continued distressed, its breathing became more difficult, and its strength declined.

Elizabeth Wakely, agreeably to her promise, had arrived at the wigwam soon after Squando's return, and had mingled her sympathies deeply with those of the distressed parents. She watched over the child; she carried it about in her arms, and administered to it all the comforts that kindness could suggest, or circumstances supply. Perceiving it to grow worse at night, she refused to leave it, but staid and watched with the parents till morning. Through the first part of the night, the little sufferer seemed much distressed, but towards morning it grew more quiet and more feeble, and gradually sunk away, till about sunrise, when it ceased to breathe. Lindoyah hid her face and wept most piteously; while Squando paced his cabin floor in silence, but evidently in deep agitation. The deepest sorrow and the highest indignation were mingled in the expression of his features, and showed that passions of fearful power were rousing his spirit to action.

When all was over, Elizabeth Wakely took her leave. Squando stood at his cabin door and watched her as she returned homeward, till he lost sight of her among the trees of the forest.

When the simple ceremony of burial was over, Squando summoned three of his stoutest warriors before him.

"Go to the fort," said he, "and demand of Major Phillips, and the white

people there, to send Jim and Jack to me, or they will not see Squando again as the friend of the white man."

The warriors departed, and Squando walked his cabin in solitude and silence, waiting their return. At last, as he looked from his cabin door, he saw them coming up from the river, but they had no prisoners with them. Squando's brow grew darker, and his soul was ready for the conflict.

"Where are the white wolves, I sent you after?" said Squando sternly, as they entered the cabin.

"We could not find them," said the warriors; "Major Phillips and the white people say Squando must come there, and they will settle it all with him, and be friends and brothers."

"Yes," said the chief, with a terrific laugh of indignant scorn, "Squando *will* go there and settle it with them. Go *you*," he continued, pointing to one of the warriors, "and summon every man of our tribe to meet at the council fire to-night by the going down of the sun. And *you*," pointing to another, "go to Casco, and *you* to Presumpscut, and bring the warriors of their tribes to our council fire by the hour of midnight."

Major Phillips and those residing in the fort, or block house, hearing nothing more from Squando in the course of the afternoon, began to grow alarmed. Apprehensive that he might be meditating an attack they sent round just before night to the several houses in the settlement advising the inhabitants all to come into the block house before dark. They also despatched a messenger to Winter Harbor, and another to Casco Bay, with a caution to the people of those settlements to be on their guard.

About sunset Squando sent four trusty warriors to guard the house of John Wakely, with strict orders that no person should be allowed to leave the house and that none should enter it before morning. Just as they arrived, the family were preparing to retreat to the block house; but



being warned by the warriors, who took their stations at the four corners of the house, that if they stepped a foot out of doors before morning, they would be shot down, they remained within doors, passing a sleepless and anxious night.

The night proved rather dark, and the sentinels at the block house could neither see nor hear the least sign of any one approaching. When suddenly about two o'clock in the morning, the stillest and darkest hour of the night, the whole welkin at once rung with the wildest and most terrific war-whoop, that ever broke the silence of the forest. It seemed to rise from a hundred voices at the same instant from every corner and every side of the block-house, and was echoed by every cliff and every hill for a mile round. At the same moment with the war-cry a furious onset was made on every part of the fort. The outer gate was besieged with every species of force that the rude mode of savage warfare could apply, and attempts were made on all sides at the same moment to scale the walls. Though the people in the fort, apprehending an attack, had made every preparation for defence in their power, yet the onset was so sudden and the savage war-cry so appalling, that they were thrown into confusion and very narrowly escaped a general massacre. With the exception of the few who were placed on guard, the men were lying down to rest, and many of them were asleep, when the wild and shrill whoop from without, followed by the painful shrieks of the women and children within, came like a dagger to their hearts. They sprang to their feet and seized their arms, and ran back and forth, too much bewildered at first for any efficient movement or any concert of action. Several of the savages had gained the top of the wall, and were beaten back or shot down by the sentinels; and in turn several of the sentinels had fallen by the bullets or the arrows of the savages. Fresh forces were clambering up upon long poles which they had reared for the purpose, when the men within

began to recover from their panic, and rallied themselves stoutly and vigorously to defend the fort.

The outer gate proved to be too strongly barricaded to yield to the forces applied against it, and the muskets from all parts of the fort poured such a destructive fire upon the enemy, that in the course of half an hour they began to give way, and presently were lost in the silence and darkness of the night. The Indians had suffered the most severely in the contest, though a number of the besieged had been killed and many more wounded. Expecting every minute that the enemy would return and renew the attack, they left the wounded to the care of the women in the inmost apartments of the block house, while they continued to stand by their arms and make the best preparation they could for defence. In about a quarter of an hour a light from a short distance was seen to gleam through the darkness. It increased in size and flickered high in the air. It was the saw-mill of Major Philips enveloped in flames. Presently another light arose from a point a little further down the river. It was the conflagration of a corn-mill belonging also to Major Philips. And now, a little space from it, up the bank, a dwelling house was seen wrapt in flames. In a few minutes more, and in other direction, another burning dwelling flashed its red light upon the surrounding darkness. And then another, and then another; and by the time the light of the morning returned, the people at the fort had watched the burning of almost every building of the settlement.

About sunrise, Squando made his appearance at the dwelling of John Wakely, that had been spared and guarded through the night agreeably to his directions. At his summons, Wakely came to the door.

"Give these to the young maiden," said Squando, handing him the little bunch of withered flowers, that Elizabeth had culled two days before for his lost child; "she brought them to the cabin of Squando for the papoose; but the papoose has gone to the spirit-land, and the sight of

them now makes the heart of Squando sad. Give them to the maiden, and tell her to have no fears, for the red man will never harm her.

"But I am afraid, Squando," said Wakely with a look of intense anxiety, "that my daughter has gone to the spirit land too."

Squando started—"Why do you say that?"

"Because," said Wakely, "she went yesterday afternoon, away down to her cousin Allen's, and we have not heard of her since."

The residence of Allen was one of the most remote in the settlement; and Squando knew that some of the remote families had not got into the fort, for his men had brought in several scalps, and told him that the Presumpscut and Casco Indians had carried away a number of prisoners. Squando spake not a word; but motioning to two of his warriors to follow, he started at full speed for Allen's opening. When they reached the spot, the smouldering ruins of the house still sent up a sickly smoke, that at once convinced Squando that human flesh was burning. He hastened to scrutinize the embers. There was one skeleton, and but one, still broiling in the ashes. The flesh was nearly consumed, and the experienced eye of Squando told him the bones were too large for the maiden he was seeking. They were probably the bones of Mr. Allen, who might have been killed and scalped in the onset, and perhaps his wife with her cousin Elizabeth had been carried away captive.

Squando soon found the trail of the Presumpscut warriors, and followed them

through the woods. After a rapid journey of six or seven miles, on ascending a small hill, he discovered them in the valley before him, where they had made a halt to rest and refresh themselves, and rejoice over the achievements of the night. They had made a large fire of brush, and were dancing round it, and singing a wild song which Squando at once recognised as the usual song preceding the offering of a human sacrifice to the spirit of fire, and he knew that a captive was about to be committed to the flames. He rushed down the hill like a leaping torrent, and dashed into the circle of the warriors. A captive was lying before him, bound hand and foot, and two stout warriors were just laying hands upon her to cast her into the flames. The first glance told Squando, the captive was the fair maiden whom he sought.

He sprang between her and the fire, and raising his tomahawk, commanded the warriors to leave the captive. The warriors, supposing it to be some sudden spiritual movement of Squando, released their hold. He cut the bands that bound her, raised her to her feet, and conducted her in safety back to her father's dwelling.

It only remains to be added here, that Squando continued the inveterate enemy of the whites, till a general peace was effected with the tribes the following year. The settlement at Saco-falls in the mean time was entirely broken up; the people at the fort, fearing to remain in the neighborhood of Squando, removed immediately and joined the settlement at Winter Harbor.

[NOTE.—The principal incidents of this story, and particularly those relating to the child, are historical.]

#### PETRONILLA PAOLINI.

Mente capace d'ogni nobil cura  
Ha il nostro sesso: or qual' potente inganno  
Da l'impresce d'onor' l'Alma ne fura?  
So ben' che i Fati à noi guerra non fanno,  
Ne i suoi doni contende à noi Natura:  
Sol del nostro voler' uomo è tiranno.

#### TRANSLATION.

To arts, to science, every noble aim  
Our sex is equal:—what the fatal spell  
Which turns our spirit from its generous claim?  
That nature wrongs her not we know too well.  
Her free impartial gifts we cannot blame;  
But tyrant Man, whose pride those gifts would quell.



End Here

## MICHAEL ANGELO'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

SUNSET on Rome's eternal shrines!  
Lo! Evening's bannerets of gold,  
Where the first silver planet shines,  
Are from her tower of clouds unrolled:  
See what a crimson glory binds  
The shadowy forehead of the West,  
While far below yon river winds  
Like a blue vein on Beauty's breast—  
And through the dewy air which floats  
Around the lone Olympian crown,  
It seems that heaven's selectest notes  
From angel-choirs are stealing down,  
While in the music's dreamy flow  
The very Temples holier grow.

Dying, within the gorgeous light  
From Evening's vase of sunbeams thrown  
On the dim eyes of waking Night,  
The glorious Master lay alone:  
Alone? ah, no! when Earth's sublime  
And sainted-chosen—such as he—  
Float on the last, wild wave of Time  
Which bears them to Eternity—  
Ethereal shapes—of rainbow wing  
And lofty port and lustrous eyes—  
Cheer them with words that only spring  
From spirit's born in Paradise.

Around the mighty Artist glowed  
Those grand creations which his thought,  
Disdaining an inferior road,  
Had, God-like, from a Chaos brought;  
Pale, solemn Statues where the mind  
Hath immortality enshrined  
In speaking marble: Paintings born  
From passionate feeling, when the air  
Lends all its wealth of eve and morn  
To give the soul expression there.

He slept! and from his spirit fell  
Those sensual veils which darkly lie  
Around it, like some cloudy spell,  
Between the spirit's eager eye  
And Natures *Beautiful*, that rose  
From Darkness, when within it shone,  
As in a mirror, all that glows  
From the Almighty's shining throne.

On! on, the joyous spirit flew  
From twinkling worlds to systems bright  
That swing within the templed Blue—  
Like golden censers throwing light,  
Still upward! If he gazes back,  
Millions of planets mark his track—  
Systems on systems thickly strown  
As sparks from troubled Craters thrown.

Still up! and now he treads a clime—  
Not lit by star's or planet's trace—  
Bright of itself—a vast, sublime  
And solemn wilderness of space:

No pause! and this he leaves behind!  
When bursting on his dazzled view  
Another awful Depth appears—  
Another Universe of blue,  
And stars, where glorious beings roam  
Forever sinless in their home—  
Beings who glide as in a dream  
Through planets roseate with bowers—  
So tall and beautiful, they seem  
Like Gods to those that people ours.

No pause! still up! still up! again  
He skims a silent, solemn plain  
Of air, lonely and wide—a field  
Whose cloudy furrows yet must yield,  
Beneath the fruitful hand of Time,  
Systems of stars and suns sublime.  
This too is past! and now he sweeps  
Through sullen storms—o'er weltering deeps—  
Oceans immense—where every wave  
Seems of itself an awful sea  
Rolling o'er some Creation's grave  
The dirges of Eternity.

Still on! still on!—and now behold  
Another sky, around him rolled,  
Crowded with rainbows shifting bright—  
Apart, and then together cast—  
A wavering wilderness of light—  
Like angel-banners in a blast.

Still sweeps he up!—and now afar  
He sees a solitary star,  
Lonely and small and twinkling dim—  
A speck on the horizon's rim.  
Still on! and now the planet looms  
Larger amid the mystic glooms;  
And nearing still!—how gloriously  
At last it burst upon his eye—  
An orb immense, with light its own  
And a great arch around it curl'd,  
A Hermit-star in space alone  
A solitary world!—  
Intensely glowing and so vast—  
Our sun upon its bosom cast  
Would seem a pebble, such as we  
May gather by an ebbing sea.  
Yet on and upward! now he sees  
The tops of its gigantic trees  
In Forests tall; and Mountains hoar—  
And Rivers broad and Oceans lone  
Forever on some towering shore  
In melancholy thunder thrown.  
And now—he nears the wondrous strand!—  
And now—he's reached that glorious land!

Long wandered he where forests vast  
Tremendous clouds of shadow cast  
Over great rivers; Mountains tall  
Received his step, on which the eye

Mirror'd the magic scenes of all  
 That sparkled over vale and sky.  
 Sighing at last, he looked around;  
 For nought of human form or sound  
 Cheered the wide Paradise, whose sod  
 Seemed only by the Almighty trod,  
 And his pure angels, when they bear  
 From heaven some mission to a star,  
 That glitters on its throne of air  
 Or walks a lonely path afar.  
 Suddenly swept a sweet, low strain,  
 Like dying winds upon his ear;  
 Then ceased, and then arose again  
 A louder tone, such as we hear  
 When furious torrents, rushing by,  
 With autumn gales keep harmony.

The spirit paused as in a dream  
 Whose influence such a witchery throws  
 Over the soul, that she will deem  
 An Eden vanished at its close.  
 But when the trance was o'er, he flew,  
 Like a swift beam from morning's fold,  
 Towards the spot from whence he knew  
 That shining wave of music rolled.  
 Before him towered a mountain bright,  
 Of diâmond and chrysolite—  
 Breathing with forms of lofty mould—  
 Each clad in robes of dazzling white  
 And striking harps of jewelled gold.  
 High o'er the rest sate *One* alone—  
 The Song-King—on his jasper throne—  
 Leading the hymn,—a solemn hymn  
 Of God, and Worlds, and Cherubim  
 That watch within their Eden-fanes,  
 From sin or pain or slumber free,  
 Creation's myriad starry veins  
 And pulses of Eternity.  
 He lingered not! for soon his eye  
 New wonders, waiting, could descry  
 Far in the distance.—Temples beamed  
 Of orders but to Angels known—  
 Whose columns vast as mountains seemed  
 Beside the pillars of his own!  
 Some were unfinished, over these  
 From steadfast base to dizzy freize,  
 Were giant laborers, whose hands,  
 Not dark with toil as in the maze  
 Of architecture in Earth Lands,  
 Would Pyramids of beryl raise.  
 Beyond he saw an endless line  
 Of statues tall and groups divine—  
 Where nations seemed to marble turned,  
 When they with love or valor burned,  
 Or acted some great drama, where—  
 Now featured dark—now heavenly fair,  
 Each took a soul absorbing part;  
 Thus chrystalized by mighty art—  
 Within the midst—and over all  
 A mimic Chaos Ocean hurled  
 Aloft its waves marmoreal,  
 From which uprose one half a world.  
 Above the tortured tempest-rout;  
 Afar off stood an awful form—  
 Which looked a God intensely bright—  
 With parted lips as if about  
 To hang His rainbow on the storm  
 And thunder thro' the darkness "*Light!*"

Busy within the mimic sea,  
 Which swelled and sank and sank and swelled,  
 Like waves in moonëd revelry,  
 The spirit lofty shapes beheld:  
 These were this world's great sculptors—given  
 To Glory's imaging and heaven—  
 Whose Immortality was spent  
 Recording thus whatever Time  
 Of *Grand* and *Beautiful* had blent—  
 In marble's Poesy sublime.  
 But see! the *Pilgrim-soul* has thrown  
 His vision to another zone  
 Of that huge orb! He walks alone  
 In a wide gallery built of gems,  
 More glorious than the diadems  
 By monarchs worn; its columns white—  
 Which stretch for leagues, transparent rest  
 On jewelry of liquid light  
 Thrown over hills of amethyst.  
 Along the silver wall he sees  
 Garlands of stars and draperies  
 Floating like banners, when each fold  
 Is turning in the sun to gold.  
 Beneath them radiantly hung  
 Great Paintings, where the Soul could see,  
 In Heaven's unfading colors flung,  
 The dramas of Eternity;—  
 Angels in battle—worlds on flame,  
 Gods clad in trailing robes of light,  
 Who marshalled there, as if by name,  
 Creations issuing from night.

Sudden, as when he entered first  
 These wondrous scenes, sweet music burst  
 Around! Through portals, opening wide,  
 He saw a host of Seraphs glide—  
 Each pressing proudly to his heart  
 The weapons of his heavenly art.  
 To meet them under agate arch,  
 In silent pomp and solemn march,  
 Filed myriads, whom the Artist knew  
 Were those who breathed a holy song,  
 Which such divine enchantment threw  
 Upon the mountain, and the throng  
 That reared those Temples towering there,  
 Like Alps within the realms of air,  
 And the dread band which, silent gave  
 Away their hours amid the wave  
 Of mimic marble,—with them, too,  
 Flower-wreathed and wrapt in robes of blue,  
 Spangled with silver, creatures came  
 Of snowy brow and airy frame—  
 Creatures all loveliness—all light—  
 Within whose spiritual eyes  
 Strange, mild expressions floated bright—  
 Like troubled dreams of Paradise.

The myriads as they glittering file  
 Between the columns of the pile—  
 Look on the spirit with a smile,  
 Such as one only ever turns  
 On brother from a foreign isle—  
 Where long he wandered, till a breeze,  
 Propitious, wafted him, o'er seas,  
 Where home's remembered planet burns.

But see, the glorious bands are now  
 In masses bright together kneeling!



End here

## MY DAUGHTER.

71

How saint-like beams each snowy brow,  
While over them superbly pealing  
A thousand instruments, away  
In Heavens far azure, seem at play!  
Blended with their mysterious tone  
A million voices now are sweeping  
Anthems of glory—heard alone  
Where Seraphs have a world in keeping!—

The master woke!—Night's starry plumes  
Swayed brightly through the gathering glooms;  
But ah! how lustreless each world  
That shone on high, appeared to him—  
The sculptor Poet—who unfurled  
A wing with Artist-Cherubim,  
And fearlessly beheld them roam  
Within their stainless Eden home!

Then mourn not, that, when morning hung  
Her pale wreath on the brow of day,  
No more the earth-coil 'round him clung,  
For like an Eagle he had flung  
The chain aside and swept away.

*Lord of the tomb! It is not death*  
To part with this poor, fleeting breath  
When glory calls! No! No! tis *Life*—  
The crowning laurel of a strife,  
Earth's mighty wage, with all that clings,  
Like muffled chains, around their wings,  
Uprising to a Seraph clime,  
So bright, that even on *this* sod  
Plays something of the fire sublime  
Forever blazing from its God!

## MY DAUGHTER.

There is much genuine humour in the following *jeu d'esprit*, from the pen of Major Cambell:

My daughter is a Poetess!  
I'm sure I never taught her  
To tag a rhyme, or scan a verse,  
And yet she *is* my daughter!  
Her mother never reads a line,  
And certes! never wrote one;—  
Why should we have a poet-child!  
I'm sure we never sought one.

She sits all day in garments loose,  
Her hair about her shoulders;  
With eyes that glance from earth to heaven,  
Alarming all beholders;  
She wears a dagger in her vest,  
And raves of theft and murder;—  
There surely never was on earth  
A personage absurder!

One night she set her bed on fire,  
And frightened half the city;  
She drove her mother into fits,  
And called the watch banditti;  
She keeps two pens behind each ear,  
An ink-horn stands beside her;  
And writes, and reads, and rants of love,  
Yet all the men deride her!

Her fingers are bedaubed with ink,  
She wears sometimes *one* stocking:  
She will not eat at proper hours,  
Which really is quite shocking:  
She lies in bed till half past one,  
Then breakfasts on a custard;  
On fruit and vegetables dines,  
Eschewing meat and mustard.

When it is dark and rain falls fast,  
She vows she'll have a frolic:  
Then roams all night without a cloak  
And comes back with a colic;  
She spouts from Byron many a line,  
But votes Sir Walter stupid,  
Calls Bulwer "poet most divine,"  
And Thomas Moore *her* Cupid!

She writes long poems,  
They sound quite grand and horrid;  
But Jonas Smith, the playerman,  
Says they are *rather* florid!  
She plays the harp, the lyre, the lute,  
And sometimes *improvises*:—  
'Tis very strange that none will wed  
A maiden who so wise is!

I don't know what to do with her,  
Her talents are so splendid:  
I really do admire her much—  
I wish that other men did—  
My daughter is a *POETESS*,—  
I want the world to know it:  
Thank Heav'n, I have no *son*—for he  
Perhaps would be a *POET*!

## WALL STREET.

"To talk so smooth, and shave so clean,  
I'll warrant him a broker keen."

WALL STREET, the resort of financiers, the arcanum of "bulls and bears," as the opposing interests in stock operations are called, the whirlpool which engulfs most of the fortunes thrown up by the continuous torrent of business which sweeps over a mighty continent, has little of interest to the fairer portion of creation, whose pure spirits and tranquil minds discover nothing in unison with the dissimulation, treachery, and ceaseless turmoil which pervades the great money centre of a nation's commerce. Yet, it is from such a focus that emanates most of that tinsel which gilds for a moment the fortunes of so many families, glitters in the circles of fashion, impotently vies with the time cemented splendor of the old world, and suddenly vanishes before a reverse, leaving no vestige of that, which, for a moment, was the point of attraction in many circles, the envy of the more frugal or less bold, and the admiration of the thoughtless and giddy. Those who behold the marble palace of the more fashionable quarters of the city, the splendor of its appointments, the number of its dependants, and the pomp of its inmates, seldom imagine that it is the creature of a juggle, brought into existence by an instrument as simple, yet as mysterious in its operations, as the lamp of Aladdin; that its existence depends upon the nod of the genii that produced it, and that what is now gorgeous and magnificent, may, with the next conjuration in Wall street, exhibit a dismantled ruin. The now lordly proprietor displaced by his servant; his tenderly reared daughters quit their pianos, and with their neat dresses, seek for employment in sewing from those who but yesterday looked up to them as of superior mould. This is but expressing generally what is but too oft a sad reality. Wall street has been the precinct, within which

the arch enchanter, credit, has erected his shrine. Credit first collected from all quarters of the continent, the little earnings, savings and accumulations of capital with which the industry and frugality of all classes of citizens had, under the simple habits of our fathers, been rewarded. These little streams of wealth had been drawn forth and embodied into large capitals, to be managed by associations of men to whom exclusive powers and privileges were given by legislative enactment. The actual money accumulated from individuals was doubled and trebled by the use of the credit of possessing it. This is the talisman, the influence of which penetrates every family circle, extends to the remotest hearth, creates emulation in dress and style of livery, fills Broadway with the loveliest and fairest of creation, who, while enchanting hundreds with the grace of their movements and the taste of their attire, are happily unconscious of the sacrifices of their liege lords at the shrine of mammon. Let us attend a fashionable congregation. As we come within the portals of the house of God, its Gothic arches echo back the harmony of the deep toned organ which peels forth its anthem to the Most High. The natural feeling of awe in coming beneath the roof dedicated to the worship of the deity, is heightened by the religious ceremonies of the occasion, and the soul is insensibly subdued in its worldly ambition and lifted to purer aspirations and higher objects. Yet, if we restrain the feeling which move us, and contemplate the motives, the conditions, actions and objects of the great, the good and beautiful, who are thus assembled, we shall find that Wall street has gilded the scene and beautified its most showy and prominent actors.

The congregation is nearly all seated; but, observe a family group entering the



main aisle. The lady is clearly well satisfied with herself. Her step is firm, yet elastic, and her carriage displays confidence that her claim to a front rank will not meet with much opposition. She is indeed one fitted to adorn that society of which the high fashion of her dress would bespeak her a leading magnet. Her bonnet is of the richest velvet, adorned with a flowing plume, pure as the snowy pinion of the cygnet. Her blonde veil falls over an embroidered cardinal of costly texture; while one diminutive hand is thrust into a muff of silver fox, the other holds an infant dressed in the prodigality of parental pride and affection. The husband and father is tall and of a manly mould, of an intellectual cast of features, and of a peculiarly insinuating address. It is Colonel Brown, a Wall street operator.

The service passes over with its wonted formality, solemnity, and devotion. The audience separates, each to his home; our little family group stepping into a splendid barouche, with footman and attendant, are rolled away to their princely mansion in Waverly place, and alight amid all the pomp of luxury which surrounds the residence of a millionaire, real or supposed. The interior displays the taste of the mistress and the prodigality of the master of the house. The *chef d'œuvres* of the first artists adorn the walls and beautify the rooms; the most costly carpets cover the floors, and the latest patterns of the most *recherché* furniture decorate the apartments, and the whole has an appearance of graceful ease and tasteful luxury. The Colonel is one of those who acquired a rapid fortune, or at least a high reputation for one, during the feverish spirit of speculation, which was supposed to have been a high state of national prosperity. Early a clerk in a grocery store, he became, through the favor of his employers, a bank officer, in which situation, his winning manners, easy carriage and confident manner, soon made him conspicuous. He speedily entered into the spirit of all around him and embarked in the bubbles of the day, success-

fully. A growing intimacy between him and an eminent officer, to whose skill and talents was entrusted the management of a large monied institution, soon opened the way to larger schemes and bolder operations, through the facilities afforded by his friends' influence.

About this time there was a good deal of excitement about gold mines in the South, said to be of great richness and availability. The Colonel and his new friend engaged in one of the undertakings of this nature, when the peculiar talents of our hero were put in requisition. The plan was to procure the proprietorship of the mine, and then create a capital stock, to be divided into shares, which were to be sold as soon as a value for them was created in the market. This latter was the Colonel's province. When all was prepared, he appeared in public with an unusual gloom upon his countenance, and when questioned as to his sadness, would at the proper time, before the proper persons, hint that the whole basis of the commerce of the world was about to be destroyed; that property, its value and possession, was about to be convulsed in a dreadful manner, and that he could not view the event with calm feelings; by these means the fears and interests of certain parties of known wealth became attracted to sufficient extent, and after much persuasion a day was fixed for explanation. With a good deal of hesitation and well expressed commiseration, the sympathetic Colonel divulged the fact, that himself and friends were in possession of a gold mine of great extent, of metal so pure and of veins so exhaustless, that gold hitherto so precious must become valueless from mere excess of quantity; consequently, the hitherto unerring measure of value, must henceforth cease to govern commerce. In proof hereof, many samples of earth, taken from the spot, were produced, containing large quantities of pure metal. It turned out, however, that so far from his wealthy friends dis-

playing any fears about the matter, they seemed desirous to become part owners in the concern, with the view of keeping it secret, and letting out no more gold than would do good instead of harm. After much negotiation, it was agreed to spare them a quantity of the stock at some 400 per cent prem. The money for the stock came into the Colonel's possession, but soon after, his friend, the bank officer, became very gloomy, and the city one morning was electrified with the report of his suicide. He was a defaulter to a large amount. Some bars of gold were also missing, which may or may not have been those ground up in the Colonel's samples. Be that as it may, the stock was worthless and the projectors' prophecy was fulfilled, at least, so far as the ruin of the purchasers was concerned. This gave our hero his start; he immediately enlarged his establishment, increased his attendants, made a greater display, in order to enhance his reputation for wealth.

Soon, however, the tide began to turn. The overwrought season of speculation was working its own ruin. Money, or its phantom, was no longer to be obtained from the banks, and it became necessary to sell property to meet engagements. This could be done only at enormous sacrifices, involving the ruin of numberless individuals. The ingenuity and talents of the Colonel was then called into double action; on the one hand to preserve an appearance of great wealth to those from whom he wished to procure credit, and on the other to stave off the claims of those from whom credit had been obtained. In this double operation, he performed feats which were worthy of Talleyrand, who was said alone to possess the art of *doing* witty things. On the death of Charles the Tenth, that worthy drove through Paris for a couple of days wearing a white hat. He carried a crape in his pocket. When he passed through the Fauxbourgs of the Carlists, the crape was instantly twisted round his hat; when he came into the quarter of the Tuilleries, the crape

was instantly slipped off and put into his pocket again. Similar were the movements of our financier. When a negotiator of stocks appeared in the market, every effort was used to get possession of the securities on time, because they could be sold for money and otherwise appropriated, while the claim on him could be deferred. On these occasions, pomposity was a chief instrument in bringing about the arrangement.

About this time, a state agent, with his wallet full of stocks for sale, was announced at the Astor house. Although a plain backwoodsman, he was immediately waited upon, courted and flattered by the agents of financiers of all grades. An emissary suggested to him the propriety of calling upon the Colonel. The agent, however, displayed a little hesitation, as rumor began to be busy with his reputation. This gave the Colonel his cue, and when the call was made, he was received with the greatest display, being ushered from the anti-chamber into the office. The business was shortly opened with an appearance of great nonchalance on the part of Brown, whose patronizing, yet condescending air, produced the proper effect. After expatiating upon the difficulties of the times, the great press of stocks upon the market, and the favorable terms of credit, which he offered, Brown rose with an air of perfect indifference, leisurely rang a small silver bell, and gave the attendant who answered, a brief order to have the equipage at the door at two o'clock, and to bid some of the grooms to be in attendance. Observing that this display made some impression on his guest, he again rang his bell, which was answered by two stout porters, whom he carelessly ordered to remove an iron chest, which stood in the corner nearer to himself. Their joint efforts were unequal to the task, and they were told languidly to desist, Brown eyeing his victim at the same time to observe the effect. All this produced an impression. "Well, my dear Sir," said Brown, rising, "the terms I offer



you are the best which can be justified in the present state of the market. If you leave your bonds with me, your State, for the credit of which I feel the highest interest, will be greatly promoted." The agent, unaccustomed to financiering, was ensnared; and partially contracting to part with his bonds on the security tendered, took his leave. As the door closed upon him, Brown exclaimed, "Here, John, put these papers into the strong box there." "I shall not be able to move it, Sir." "Perhaps not," said Brown, with a malicious grin, "but as we are alone, John, you may open it instead of moving it." He was obeyed, and the domestic was a little astonished to find, that although it was empty, it could not be moved, because it was screwed to the floor.

"Now, then," said Brown, as he drew on his gloves "for another move." He descended the stairs into the street, and exchanged salutations with numerous brokers as he picked his way over the cross walk, and descended into a basement office, where he encountered a grave looking personage, with sharp features, and a quick, decided tone of voice, which exclaimed as he entered, "Well, Brown, are you ready to settle the differences, or shall I proceed against you?" The manner of the Colonel had undergone a total change. His erect carriage and pompous manner was gone; a subdued and humble exterior was accompanied by a tone totally at variance with his usual address. "My dear, Sir," he replied, "I have been doing my best to obtain a settlement from my numerous debtors, but the shocking accounts from abroad, and the continued fall in stocks, leave me no alternative but to tender you \$2,000 for a full discharge of the \$20,000 I owe you. Will you take it? If I pay you that sum, my wife and child will want bread." "Colonel Brown, it is useless to make such offers when you support the style you do, far above what your creditors can maintain. As our claims are stock differences, you presume on a legal de-

fence, but you shall not be released with our consent." Baffled here, he made his exit, and coming out, met the holder of a mortgage upon his house, who required of him prompt payment of interest due. These are an importunate race of duns; they admit of no delay, and are exceedingly peremptory in their proceedings. The talents of Brown were exerted to their utmost, but his creditor was inexorable. To come to extremities with this man, would disgrace his family and ruin his chance of credit. A few days delay was the utmost favor he could obtain. On quitting him, he looked about for some means of raising the required \$1,200. Every security had, however, been exhausted, and every chance of loan closed. As a last resort, therefore, he entered the office of a young broker, and proposed to him to raise for him the required sum, on pledge of his household furniture—the furniture to remain in his possession until after May, in order that breaking up at the usual period of the year, might incur no suspicion. To effect this, it was necessary to have the furniture valued—a difficult matter. It was finally arranged, that the broker, with the furniture appraiser, should make a friendly call, take a glass of wine, and look over the premises, without betraying any ostensible object.

Having thus settled the matter, Brown wended his way home, something depressed, but spirits still buoyant. As he approached his home, he recovered his usual manner, and entered his study with his usual pomposity. At dinner, he gave his lady to understand that he should visit her boudoir when the meal should be finished. All else passed off as usual, pompous, splendid and extravagant. On coming into the presence of Mrs. Brown, his manner was more than usually engaging, and a half hour passed very pleasantly; at the end of which, he expressed fears that his wife did not enjoy her usual good health.

"I think, my love, you are paler, and have less vivacity, than formerly."

"My Augustus!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around him, "how can you say so? I have not enjoyed better health in years."

"Ah! my dear, I fear me you say so to relieve my anxiety. Methought the other night, at M——'s musical soirée, you displayed far less than your usual animation, and I felt then quite an anxiety on your behalf."

"Why, dear me, are you trying to frighten me, that you look so solemn?"

"Not at all, my love; I was only going to say, that I fear the anxiety and turmoil of house-keeping is too much for you, and therefore I had some design, at the close of the year, of letting the house, and boarding."

"Oh, dear! boarding! why, what a strange idea? and all for my health. Ah! my Augustus, is there no other reason why you wish to give up the house, our own home, dispose of the furniture, and board? Is it, really?" said she, fondly, "on my account?"

"Well, my love! said Brown, a little disconcerted, I only suggested it now, and you can think of it hereafter. Meantime, I shall have a couple of old friends call upon me to-morrow.

Thus was the confiding wife prepared for the approaching changes, which accumulating disasters were forcing upon the hitherto prosperous Colonel. Of good natural parts and disposition, Brown had, by force of circumstances, been made the victim of the times. The bubble, credit, giving a false hue to every thing about him, had rendered him, in common with almost all others of the present generation, utterly insensible to the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible, that a man who is given to contract debts, should not know the slavery and disgrace to which he is voluntarily subjecting himself and family. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and will go on to increase the cause of them. There are cases, where men of honest natures become liable for

debts, from some unforeseen accident, but these instances need not come under general consideration. For one such case, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his house, will shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. From that hour, the world does not only take possession of the remains of his fortune, but of every thing else which has no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them. The wretched man, who was lately master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life, before attributed to him, have vanished with the bubble, credit, which supported them.

This point was rapidly approaching with Colonel Brown. At the appointed hour, on the following day, the domestic announced two visitors, who were received by the master of the house, with more than usual cordiality. After partaking of some refreshments, and discussing the affairs of the day, Brown said he could not resist the desire of showing his old friends his house, and accordingly they passed from room to room, extolling their appearance, and complimenting the feminine taste displayed in their ornamental arrangement. As they did so, Mrs. Brown could not but remark, that one who had rather an ordinary appearance, was particularly curious. He had a piece of paper in his hand—seemed to count as he went—he would take hold of the articles, giving some a shake, and others a shove, as if to test their stability. Finally, they departed. From this time, Brown, as if to lull any suspicions which might have crept into his fond wife's bosom, in relation to the true state of affairs, seemed inclined to make greater display than ever. Extravagances of all kinds were recklessly entered into, and he constantly urged the purchase of articles of dress, no matter how costly soever they might be. All these proceedings accumu-



End Here

lated an abundance of bills, the payment of which was postponed from day to day, until the period arrived for the purchaser of the household furniture to take possession. Then was the Colonel seen busily employed with a lawyer, writing, and sedulously making out long lists, consulting, talking and filing away. One day, when so employed, a servant announced a little girl to see him personally. She was admitted, and presented a bill from Madame Cottin, the fashionable milliner in Broadway. It was for a hat and ornaments purchased by Mrs. Brown, some weeks since, for twenty-five dollars. The bearer said they were much in want of money, and therefore presented the bill. Brown looked at it, picked his teeth, passed many high compliments on the hat and its maker, and promised the Miss that it should be speedily *settled*. As she withdrew, he handed the paper to a person waiting near him, "there," said he, "you may as well put this in the schedule." Many others were received in the same manner. Soon the time arrived for removal, when the furniture speedily disappeared, and Colonel Brown, lady and family became inmates of a fashionable hotel. A few days subsequently, the papers of the day contained a notice of bankruptcy of Colonel Brown. Then it was, that on repairing to the court room, the numerous servants and trades people discovered how their accounts had been settled. The amount due each, was systematically classed under their proper heads, in his application for a discharge

under the bankrupt act, while his list of assets simply enumerated "necessary clothing for wife and child."

Thus it has been, that a large portion of the display in families, has been caused by a gambling spirit of speculation, originating in Wall street. The fell spirit has spread itself into all branches of business, and influenced, in a greater or less degree, the circumstances of all classes of people. A few good "hits," which are not uncommon in times of speculation, encourage the wildest operations. The ease with which money is thus obtained, induces its expenditure as easily; and there is no channel through which men are more disposed to indulge this disposition, than by adding to the comforts, the luxury and the splendor of those they love. Few are able to withstand the wishes of a fond and tender wife, of whom they are justly proud; and if for himself he has less of ambition, emulation, or vanity, he does not wish to see the feelings of his chosen one wounded, by being second to any that move within her sphere. Hence a constantly increasing magnificence of style in living, marks all circles of society. Much harder is it, to fall from the rank we have held, and relinquish all those objects for which we have contended, and that to rivals. If we look around us, and observe the frequent changes in the condition of people, within the sphere of our observation, we may be aware that Wall street contains the secret influence by which the sudden rises and falls are effected.

## L'IMPÏE.

Dieu fait triompher l'innocence :  
Chantons, célébrons sa puissance.  
Il a vu contre nous les méchants s'assembler,  
Et notre sang prêt à couler.  
Comme l'eau sur la terre ils allaient le répandre :  
Du haut du ciel sa voix s'est fait entendre ;  
L'homme superbe est renversé,  
Ses propres flèches l'ont percé.  
J'ai vu l'impie adoré sur la terre ;  
Pareil au cèdre, il cachait dans les cieux  
Son front audacieux ;  
Il semblait à son gré gouverner le tonnerre,  
Foulait aux pieds ses ennemis vaincus :  
Je n'ai fait que passer, il n'était déjà plus.

RACINE.

## THE UNRIGHTEOUS.

God gives success to innocence :—  
Celebrate his omnipotence.  
He saw injustice proud of power,  
Fierce, cruel, eager to devour ;—  
As torrents o'er our land they rush'd.  
He spoke : the storm was hush'd ;—  
He from heaven's height their pride o'erthrew,  
And their own arrows wing'd their fury to subdue.  
The unrighteous I beheld on earth ador'd ;  
And, as the cedar, to the Heavens he spread  
His towering and presumptuous head.  
He seem'd as at his nod the thunder roar'd :  
His enemies were dust beneath his Might :  
Passing, I turned, I looked, and he was vanish'd  
quite.

## THE POLISH COUNTESS.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

*Continued from page 15.*

Look, love! what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top—SHAKESPEARE.

FORTUNATELY the Cambrian was at no great distance; De Mersanes was a good swimmer, and he was not long in reaching the protection he sought. The sentinel on deck gave notice that there was a person swimming alongside; the officer of the watch ran to the gangway; De Mersanes, who had caught hold of one of the ladder ropes, called out for Captain Hamilton, and sprang lightly upon the deck.

Captain Hamilton was much surprised upon recognizing the hero of his ball, in so strange and humid a costume.

"In the name of heaven!" exclaimed Anatole de Mersanes, "do not now ask me any questions, Captain Hamilton; I have not a minute to spare. To-morrow I will explain every thing. But I conjure you, in the name of my countryman, your illustrious ancestor, to let me have dry clothes, a boat and four stout rowers.

"The only question I will ask you, Count, is whether that is all you require?" said Hamilton. "Can I offer you any farther assistance?"

"Nothing more, my generous friend, excepting to tell me the hour."

"It is just nine o'clock. My officers have but now left the ship to go to the Opera."

De Mersanes having completed his change of dress, shook hands with the Captain and hurried to the boat.

The men plyed their oars most vigorously; in a few minutes De Mersanes had landed, and he flew rather than ran towards the Villa Braschi. Although the mountain is exceedingly steep, he ascended it as rapidly as if he had been upon even ground.

Under any other circumstances, such an exertion would have overpowered him, but the view of the wished for goal soon restored him.

A Polish servant, who had lately arrived in Genoa, and who was in the confidence of his mistress, had been for a long time waiting his arrival; he immediately admitted him into the house, and in a few minutes afterwards conducted him into a saloon where the Countess was waiting for him.

The lady seeing a person in a seaman's dress, and that too very much disordered by the rapidity of his progress, was at first much alarmed, and was about to run out of the apartment; but De Mersanes pronounced a few words in French; the Countess immediately recognized his voice, and said smilingly—

"Ah! now I comprehend it; you wished to disguise yourself so as not to be recognised, and you have really succeeded admirably."

Anatole did not endeavor to undeceive her and the Countess proceeded.

"I have to apologise to you, Count, for having requested you to come here at so unseasonable an hour. The invitation must have appeared singular to you—did it not so?"

"It is I who ought to apologise for having arrived so late; I took too long a round and missed my way."

"There is no occasion for any apology, at all. Mr. De Mersanes we are now alone; my servants are asleep, and my aunt has retired to her room. We must, nevertheless, speak low. The atmosphere



of this mountain is so pure that a word uttered too loudly is heard at the distance of a hundred yards."

"Madam," said the Count, "I shall be happy to modulate my voice in unison with yours."

"Misfortune has one advantage, Count, it gives experience and observation even to youth; constant happiness produces thoughtlessness; misfortune produces reflection. I do not think that I deceive myself, in believing you to be a man worthy of esteem and confidence."

The Countess paused. De Mersanes modestly cast down his eyes and remained silent.

"Tis well," pursued the Countess, "you have not responded to my words by any of those boisterous protestations of service which, in general, mean nothing, and which are never fulfilled. I have read your letter, and I believe that every word in it came from the heart; I do not look upon that letter as a mere declaration of love; I regard it as the effusion of the soul, addressed to a sister, to whom you have wished to confide all your sorrows."

"Consider it as you will, Madam, I will submit to any conditions you may prescribe."

"And now, Count, I will return confidence for confidence; I wished to defer this interview to a later day; but, an incident occurred last night which made me determine upon sending for you at once. You remember, Sir, the ball on board the Cambrian?"

Anatole raised his eyes and clasped his hands convulsively.

"At that Ball," pursued the Countess, "you must have remarked that a sudden change came over me, and my emotions were so powerful that I could not restrain my tears. Did not you endeavor to divine why such poignant grief should have overwhelmed me at a moment of such thoughtless gaiety?"

"I did not attempt to discover what could have been the cause of your grief, but I acknowledge that it struck me much

more forcibly than your gaiety throughout the night."

"My gaiety! how little can the world understand one's feelings! and you also believed that I was gay? But stay I had forgotten—"

The Countess gracefully bending forward rang the bell. It was answered by Stanislaus, the Polish servant. She enquired whether he had taken care to secure the doors and windows in the lower part of the house; he replied in the affirmative. She then desired him to keep watch in a room she indicated, and to be careful not to fall asleep. She seated herself upon the sofa, sighed heavily, and leaning her head upon one hand, resumed her conversation with De Mersanes.

"Mine is a melancholy history—you know that Warsaw was destroyed in one horrible and sanguinary night. Our house was in St. Andrew's street, at Praga. I was in the Polish batteries, with other noble ladies, when that suburb was taken. It was then I had the dire misfortune to lose my husband. He had a command upon the Vistula: he perished with many other brave and generous men, and I had not even the consolation of raising a tomb to his memory."

"I returned to my home, my soul oppressed with grief; the darkness that overshadowed our quarter of the town was perfectly appalling; the streets were thronged with friends and foes mingled together in horrible confusion. My house had been pillaged, my servants, all but one, had disappeared. I rushed into the room where I had left my child, an only daughter, barely four years old; her bed was still warm, but my child was no longer in it! There is no language which can depict the horrid feeling of desolation which I experienced. In one night I had been deprived of both my husband and my child. I searched through every room, every corner of the house—my poor child was lost! lost!"

A torrent of tears inundated the cheeks of the unhappy Countess. Anatole de Mer-

saner covered his face with both hands and wept bitterly.

"Count," pursued Hortensia, making a violent effort to overcome the feelings which oppressed her, "I will respect your grief, for it is mine. I will not enter into any further detail of my feelings which would only harass you, but could not give me back my child. Suffice it to say, that all my researches were fruitless. For fifteen days and nights I sent emissaries in every direction; all that gold could do was attempted, but in vain—my little angel never saw her mother again.

"Sometime after these horrid events, I one day awoke as from a long sleep, and I was told that I was at Berlin. My reason had given way under these afflictions. When the decree of proscription fell upon our family, a servant and a relation of my husband carried me, almost dying, to a travelling carriage, and conducted me out of the Polish territory.

"I now confess it to my shame, I murmured against the decrees of heaven; after the misfortunes which had befallen me, I thought I had nothing farther to fear; but when I was told that I had for some time been deprived of reason; when I felt, fermenting in my brain, the seeds of an apparently incurable insanity, the idea of dragging on a miserable existence in some loathsome receptacle, surrounded by other unfortunate beings, as hideous and miserable as myself, became insupportable to me. Heaven can bear witness that it was not death I feared.

"I used frequently to follow up the thread of an idea, by way of testing the strength of my mind; I wished to ascertain the state of my brain, in the same way that one endeavors to prove, with one foot, the strength of a plank laid over an abyss, before venturing to cross it. My first thoughts were sufficiently connected; but as I pursued the examination, I felt, as it were, a burning mist rise to my forehead; millions of sparks appeared whirling before my eyes; all nature was enveloped in a lurid shade; tears inflamed my cheeks, and as

I passed the large mirrors which hung in the apartment, I observed that I was laughing hideously. Then, I heard the cannon of Warsaw, so clearly, so distinctly, that I started at each report. I saw a corpse floating beneath the bridge of Praga, which I followed with my eyes. A whirlwind of fire transported me into a city, dark and desolate as Nineveh after its destruction, and I heard the shrieks of my poor child, as she was dragged away by gypsies towards the woods. When I awoke from these horrible dreams, I found myself in the same place in which I had calmly commenced my mental examination; but the disorder of my dress, the heightened color of my forehead, the dampness of my hair, the icy coldness of my feet, all denoted the excess of the delirious phrensy which these horrible visions had excited.

"Time appeared only to aggravate the shock my mind had received, and each day increased the terrors under which I labored. I felt that nothing could save me from utter madness, but continual and active excitement. I determined to travel; it was with a species of delight I threw myself into the carriage which was to bear me away from the places in which I had so much suffered. I considered it as the shipwrecked seaman does the plank he seizes upon to save himself from drowning. The ever varying change of scene produced a favorable influence upon me. The attacks of my disorder became less frequent; I enjoyed whole days of uninterrupted reason; at night I had some tranquil hours, and sometimes I awoke with the same serenity of mind as in my happier years. When my time of mourning had expired, I was at Rome, and had visited a third of Europe.

"The world had deprived me of all that I held dear; the world had acted so cruelly towards me, that I did not conceive I was bound in any way towards it. I resolved, then, to continue this life of moral giddiness and physical fatigue, in order to complete the cure of my mind,



End here

caring little for the bitter railleries of society. One paramount idea sustained me while leading this life of gay hypocrisy; the hope of one day finding my lost child. It required all my powers of mind to concert new combinations in order to attain this, to me, most vital result. Frequently, when at night I throw off my gay dresses, the brilliancy of which dazzle and deceive all other eyes but my own, I am searching for some corner of the earth to which I can address a letter to make inquiries for my child; I smile bitterly at the stupefaction with which the joyous world I have just quitted would regard me, could it but see me bent down like Rachael or Niobe under the weight of my interminable sorrows. It was the sudden recollection of them that moved me so powerfully on board the Cambrian.

"Now that time has enabled me to look my misfortunes more steadily in the face, and to smooth my brow, I can enjoy the voluptuousness of grief without fearing to relapse into insanity. Hope still bears me up, and is at once my support and my consolation.

"That my face and dress should deceive the crowds by which I am surrounded is perfectly indifferent to me; but there will always be some kindred spirit among those crowds before whom one is anxious to appear in a true light. Should that one applaud your conduct, the censure of the rest is of but little consequence. This will explain to you, Count, my position towards you. If I have hastened the hour of confiding this to you, I will now explain to you my reasons for it.

"You will not now be surprised to learn that my nights are frequently so agitated that I pass them without sleeping. This morning as I was observing, through the Venetian blinds of my window, the first dawn of daylight breaking upon the sea, I saw a man walking upon the terrace of the Villa. I recognized him instantly. It was the Count Val di Nota, that young Sicilian nobleman, who is so celebrated for his talents and his audacity.

What could he want at such an hour, and in such a sequestered spot as this? Without calumniating him, I may surmise, that he was not here for any good purpose. He was wandering around the house, like a panther round a stable, eyeing the balconies and seeming to measure their height. His presence here alarmed me. There is nothing more agitating than the conviction that an evil spirit is hovering about you, and only waiting for a convenient opportunity to do you some mortal injury. Less than this would suffice to alarm a lone woman, who being a foreigner, and without a protector, sees herself exposed to be insulted at every moment by the brutal declarations of the love of every man, rich and poor, who thinks he can address her with impunity, because she has no arm near her that can wield a sword."

Count Anatole rose hastily, and extending his right arm towards the lovely widow, exclaimed, "Utter one word only, Madam, and you have found a defender."

"Oh! sir," replied the Countess, "if I were to choose a defender I should not go out of this house to seek him. This I beg you to believe. But you are not my husband, my brother, my relation, or even my countryman. Your courage and your devotedness to my cause would only afford a fresh weapon to scandal and could not protect me. I have sent for you that you may give evidence of the truth; not to-morrow or at any other fixed period that I can now determine, but when circumstances may require it; I wish you to be able to witness upon oath that you have seen the Count Val di Nota prowl around this house like a bandit; he is a violent, self-willed, obdurate man, and I feel assured will be here again to-night. If this man does not intend forcing his way into the house, he has some project which is still more infamous; he wishes in the most dastardly manner to dishonor me in the eyes of the world; his object is to make the world believe that he has had a rendezvous with me at the Villa Braschi,

by remaining near the house till the sun rises, and then descending the mountain in pretended secrecy. If necessary, you will one day witness for me that the Count Fabiano has not crossed the threshold of this house."

De Mersanes extended his hand towards the Countess without uttering a word. After considering for some time, he related to Hortensia all the events of the preceding day. She listened to him with breathless interest; his narrative appeared to confirm and justify the fears and presentiment she had entertained.

"Count de Mersanes" said she, taking his hand, "all that you have told me is the work of that Sicilian. But in the name of heaven let me entreat you not to think of revenge! Let us have no public scandal; remember that in this matter you have no longer any voice, you must be guided by me."

"I submit to your direction; bind, or let loose my hands at your own will."

At that instant the face of the Countess became of a death-like paleness—she placed one of her lovely hands over De Mersanes' lips. Hortensia rose and walking on tiptoe, made signs to her companion to follow her noiselessly to the upper apartments. Anatole obeyed the signal and crept up stairs, regulating his steps by those of the countess.

When they had reached the landing place, Hortensia whispered to Anatole, "I was not mistaken, but I did not think he would have come so early."

They then proceeded to a window, and looked through the openings of a Venetian blind. This mute scene, in the dead of night, caused a thrilling delight in the heart of Anatole; it founded the era of a sweet intimacy which nothing could disturb and which permitted him to look forward to the future with assured hope.

It was, in fact, the Sicilian Count—they immediately recognised him from the proud and audacious air which characterised him. He was examining the

front of the house, like a general, making his observations upon a fortress which he meant to attack the following day; there was nothing in his movements which betrayed the least emotion, the slightest fear; sometimes he pensively walked up and down the terrace, as if he had been the master of the house, whom the heat of a summer's night had driven from his bed to take the air. Sometimes he appeared to shudder under the effects of some irritating thought, and then his Sicilian eyes, fixed upon the balconies, sparkled like stars of bad omen; and when by chance the slightest noise reached his ear, whether from the wood or from the sea-side, he inclined his ear towards the quarter which appeared to conceal some nocturnal mystery, and the mere bending of his body shewed that the agile demon was ready either for attack or for flight as circumstances might direct.

That night, which the season rendered very short, did not bring any further incident. At break of day Fabiano disappeared like a nocturnal vision dispelled by the sun's first rays.

De Mersanes had paid but little attention to what had taken place outside the house; he felt intoxicated with love for the adorable woman at whose side he had sate for so many hours; a hundred times during this eventful night, while looking through the blinds, the hair of Hortensia had unwittingly to her, touched the cheek of Anatole; and the soft light of day-break was for once unwelcome, to eyes which would have wished the night to last for ever.

The sun's first rays had tinged the summits of the mountains, although the valleys were still pervaded by the gloom of night, when De Mersanes took leave of the countess.

"And I also am proscribed" said he, "I dare not set my foot in Genoa. I must, by a circuitous route, gain the sea shore and ask once more for protection on board the Cambrian; from thence I shall direct the representative of my country to obtain



justice for me. And now, madam, when may I hope to have the happiness of seeing you again?"

"You will readily imagine, count," replied Hortensia, "that I can no longer remain at the Villa Braschi; as soon as the sun has risen I shall return to Genoa. You have seen enough and with your own eyes, to know what credit is to be attached to the calumnies that have been uttered against me. Farewell, Count de Mersanes; you will readily obtain redress for the outrage which has been committed upon you, and then we shall again meet; but I once more entreat you, in the name of heaven, to avoid meeting that demoniacal Sicilian."

"I swear it," ejaculated De Mersanes, "and seal my oath with my lips on your noble hand."

De Mersanes sprang lightly from the vestibule on to the terrace, and turning round the corner of the house, he gained the wood and soon came to a flight of steps cut in the side of the rock, which led to a small valley from whence he could proceed to the sea shore, outside the ramparts of the city. When he got to the foot of this rocky ladder, Anatole turned round a sharp angle of the mountain and found himself face to face with a man who, jumping back two paces, exclaimed "You here, sir!"

It was the Count Fabiano Val di Nota. Chance had led him to take this road which before that hour was unknown to him as it was to Anatole.

The first man when he perceived the sun's first rising, could not have displayed to that glorious orb a face more expressive of astonishment than was Fabiano's upon his recognizing the young Frenchman.

The Sicilian, after uttering the above exclamation, by natural instinct placed his right hand on the hilt of his dagger. Fortunately there was no opportunity for his committing the fearful crime he meditated, for there were a number of Franciscan friars upon the road, setting out to ask their daily alms, and several peasants were

already astir proceeding to their various occupations.

"We are not alone," said Fabiano, "but we can talk low—"

"Sir," interrupted De Mersanes in a dry and haughty tone, "there is nothing you can have to question me upon, and I have nothing to reply to you."

"I am anxious to know," said the Sicilian with hypocritical calmness, "which of us two is, this morning, the spy upon the other."

"And I do not desire to know any thing," rejoined De Mersanes with the air of a man who fears his passion may get the better of him, "Let me pass, sir."

"Well then! I know," said the Sicilian, throwing his glove at Anatole's feet, "I know that you are a coward: pass on."

The Count de Mersanes did not reply to him; he quietly continued his walk to the sea side, leaped into the first boat he found there, and ordered the boatmen to row off to the Cambrian.

About a week after the foregoing rencontre, Fabiano wrote the following letter to his friend Octavian d'Oropeza.

GENOA, JUNE 1833.

MY DEAR OCTAVIAN.

According to my calculation, this letter, which I write in triplicate, ought to find you either at Warsaw, or Berlin, or Vienna.

You will not have omitted to write to Madame Virginie Debard declaring your unalterable and eternal affection for her; and I trust that you will, in the first week of July, make this heiress of the Count de Mersanes the wife of Octavian d'Oropeza. This is perfectly understood between us.

I am daily expecting to receive a letter from you from Warsaw, which shall communicate important information, and from which I hope, with my address, to obtain a marvellously favorable result. I would, however, rather see you in person, than by letter.

The lovely countess returned to town some days ago; the only visiter she has admitted is the Marquis,—he is pre-eminently my most dangerous rival. I am, at present, his most intimate friend. I succeeded in getting Count Anatole sent out of the Sardinian territory, but the fellow has taken refuge on board the Cambrian, and from that impregnable fortress, he is negotiating diplomatically to return to Genoa. He will

not succeed. The Marquis Viani does not confide any of his secrets to me: nothing can be more mysterious than this man, and I am obliged to guess at his intentions, enveloped as they are in a thick veil of mysticism, scientific pathos, and diplomatic reserve. I am preparing a trick for him after my own fashion.

When I shall have cleared my path of all the thorns and brambles which encumber it, and which prevent my approaching this adorable woman, I shall act—you well know my determination.

Farewell—disembowel all Warsaw should it be necessary, but let me have the heart of Hortensia's mystery.

Thy faithful banker,

THE COUNT V. D. N.

P. S.—I have made a discovery; this Anatole is a coward; I think that the countess is favorably disposed towards him; but you will comprehend that in my position I am obliged to keep my mouth closed upon the subject; were I to speak of it, I should be ridiculous as a husband, for all the world, excepting the Marquis, believes me to be the favorite lover of the Countess. There are, therefore, cases in which one is forced to be discreet and to respect the honor of women. I should never have believed it. I am now virtuous from necessity."

After writing this letter, Fabiano went out to call on the Marquis Viani. He entered the house, traversed the galleries and saloons with a determined step, as an intimate friend of the master of the house—went to his private cabinet, and opening the door, announced himself. The Marquis was just then occupied in very energetic correspondence regarding the expulsion of the Count de Mersanes, whose cause had been warmly espoused by the French Consul and Captain Hamilton.

"Good morning, Marquis," said Fabiano, hastening toward him, and shaking him very warmly by the hand, "I hope you have no engagement for this evening?"

"For this evening," said Viani, thoughtfully, "for this evening? let me see—no, I am disengaged to-night, my dear Count."

"Heaven be praised! My aunt, the Marchioness Grimaldini, who, by-the-by, loves you with all her heart, receives a few intimate friends this evening, *sans cérémonie*. We shall be delighted, my aunt and I, to present to you the Marquis

of Isola Bella and his wife—pray, promise that you will come."

"Will it oblige you, my dear Count?"

"Most particularly."

"You may rely upon me."

"Oh!" rejoined Fabiano, "if it were only to meet such common, every day people as those who travel merely for the sake of boasting the number of leagues they have traversed, or to keep a list of the princes and marquises they have fallen in with in Italy, I should be the first to tell you not to come; but these are personages of quite another class. The Marquis of Isola Bella is one of the first antiquaries of Europe; although only twenty-five years old; you would think he had passed two ages in Rome. He is the intimate friend of the celebrated Vesco-vagll, who has disinterred all the heathen gods of Praxiteles and Phidias. The Marchioness of Isola Bella is a young Parisian, only twenty years of age, a very lovely woman, with golden hair, hands as white as snow, and feet divinely small—in fact, a perfect angel. I am pleased to find that she leads her husband by the nose, which is very long, as are the noses of most antiquaries. But I tell you all this without meaning to insinuate any thing, for you know that I detest scandal."

"Well! my dear Count Fabiano, I shall treat you perfectly without ceremony; I have much to write this morning; you must leave me to my occupations, and I will indemnify myself this evening for what I lose this morning, in not being able to converse further with you!"

"This is precisely as it should be, my dear Viani; this is the way in which friends ought to treat each other. Adieu! I am off at once. Slash away at your important papers, and be with us early."

The cunning Sicilian employed the remainder of the day at Villa Bianca, combining his plan of operations; he had taken charge of sending the invitations for his aunt's soirée, and had resolved to admit only five or six families, with whom he was well acquainted.



At the appointed hour, Fabiano stationed himself at the door of the first receiving room, and acted as the master of the ceremonies for the evening, introducing the company as they arrived. Upon the arrival of the Marquis Viana, he presented him to the Marchioness Grimaldini, who rose to receive him with due honor. Fabiano then took the Marquis by the arm, with the familiarity of an old friend, and walked about the room with him, conversing upon indifferent topics.

On a sudden, a servant announced the Marquis and Marchioness of Isola Bella.

The metamorphosis was perfectly marvellous, Fabiano himself might have been deceived by it. The face of Antonini was almost covered by his spectacles, his whiskers, mustachios, and his beard. He wore his dress coat with the ease of an accomplished dandy. He walked with listless grace, his head bent a little forward, like a young man whom study had rendered grave and meditative. His whole demeanor was that of a distinguished nobleman, who had been accustomed all his life to the society of the aristocracy of the universe.

La Tadolina was worthy of so dignified a cavalier. She had dressed the character of the Marchioness of Isola Bella magnificently, and with admirable taste. Her appearance produced an intense sensation; the gentlemen crowded round to have the honor of being introduced to her.

Fabiano presented these distinguished visitors to the Marchioness Grimaldini, who ordered a chair to be placed next to her own for the young and lovely stranger. Viani, who had been sitting near the Marchioness, was presented in his turn to La Tadolina, and entered into conversation with her.

"I have performed quite a miracle, in persuading my husband to leave the hotel this evening," said La Tadolina, with mincing affectation and in a languid tone of voice; "he is becoming more and more

a hermit every day. He is completely absorbed in his great work."

"The Marquis is occupied, then, in writing a great work?" inquired Viani.

"Alas! yes; and this work is really a nightmare to me. He wishes to demonstrate to the scientific world, that the temple of the Giants, or of Jupiter Olympus, in Sicily, was never actually built; and that the Greeks, by way of deceiving posterity, cut only the portion of a column with flutings in it large enough to serve for sentry boxes."

"And do you really believe, madam," said Viani, "that the Greeks were capable of playing posterity such a trick as that?"

"In the name of all the Greeks!" exclaimed La Tadolina, "do not whisper such a doubt within the hearing of my husband; he would make a discourse upon it which would last till sunrise; he would talk to us about his book; his writing it is sufficiently annoying without that."

"Do you intend making a long stay in Italy?" asked the Marchioness Grimaldini.

"We have seen every thing, Madam, and I long to return to my pretty little house in the Boulevard des Capucines at Paris. Mama and my sister are perfectly inconsolable at our long absence—a little sister, only eleven years old, who writes me the most charming letters! dear angel! My husband is about to undertake another tour in Sicily, to complete his work, and I shall await his return in Genoa. When he comes back, we shall immediately set out for Paris."

"You will permit me, Madam, to do all I can to make your stay in Genoa agreeable to you," said the Marchioness Grimaldini.

"I shall consider myself but too fortunate, Madam," said La Tadolina, "Genoa appears to me, from what little I have seen of it, a very delightful city. I do not like Venice. It has acquired a reputation which it does not merit. It always appears to me like a city drowning itself from sheer

weariness, and one feels tempted to prevent its doing so, by seizing it by its head-dress of steeples."

"What an admirable idea!" exclaimed Fabiano; "that is a bon mot which must not be lost! And Naples, what do you say of Naples, Madam?"

"Do not speak to me of Naples, Count Val di Nota! whenever I went to sleep there, I expected to find myself the next morning in one of the glass cases of the Museum, with a ticket upon my forehead, like all the other victims of Vesuvius. It was with joy I quitted Naples, and I shook its ashes from my feet."

"Adorable!" ejaculated Fabiano. "And Leghorn, Madam, what is your opinion of Leghorn?"

"Leghorn is not a city; it is merely a street by the seaside—a long street full of busy people, who have no business. I like Pisa much better, with its population of palaces, which have annihilated its inhabitants!"

"But Florence!" said Fabiano, "you must like Florence!"

"Ah! Florence! Florence!" replied La Tadolina, "your Florence gives me the vapors: I cannot conceive any thing more abominable than those statues, thirty feet in height, which stare at you as you pass by them, pursue you every where, and are continually before your eyes in every direction. I began at last to think I was a statue myself, and was afraid of walking out, lest I might get broken."

The pretended Marquis of Isola Bella advanced now towards the Marchioness Grimaldini. "I must compliment you, Madam," said he, addressing her gravely, "upon the paintings you have collected in this saloon—they are really magnificent. You have here a sleeping nymph by Gentileschi-Lomi, which I consider as perfectly unique. That landscape, by Poelenburg, is ravishing as a complete study of the grand effects of air and light. It is really a great pity that this Poelenburg should have been retouched in two places."

"That is perfectly true," exclaimed Fa-

biano, with admirably feigned surprise; "it is repainted in two places. Is it possible, Marquis, that you should have discovered this by candlelight, and at first sight? It is quite astonishing!"

"Habit! mere habit," said Isola Bella, with affected modesty.

"This is what I have never been able to comprehend," said La Tadolina; "my husband has astonished the most celebrated artists by the quickness of his perception. Last winter, at Leghorn, he purchased, for two louis, a picture for which I would not have given two pauls. At Rome, the Cardinal Somaglia offered us thirty thousand crowns for that picture. It was a master piece by Schidone, Christ in the garden of Olives. My husband begged the Cardinal to accept it as a gift. I never saw so happy a Cardinal."

In the course of the evening, the party formed itself into separate groups. Fabiano drew Antonini into a recess, where they pretended to plunge into a scientific discussion, apart from the more frivolous and general conversation. La Tadolina was left, as if by accident, in tête-à-tête with the Marquis Viani.

"Really, Madam, said the Marquis, "you ought to feel proud of possessing such a husband."

"It appears to me, Marquis Viani," replied La Tadolina, "that I have very little to gain from the knowledge of my husband, and that in his triumphs I have no participation. Husbands like him pay but little attention to their wives. On the very day of our marriage, I lost him for several hours. I sent in every direction in search of him, and he was at last found standing in enraptured admiration before a landscape by Hobbemea."

"It is perfectly incredible!"

"But it was really the fact. My husband would be devotedly enamored of me, had I died two thousand years ago; or if I could figure in oils, upon a canvass painted by Vandyke. And now he is going to be absent for two months, that he may visit the antiquities in the neighborhood of



Mount Etna. Alas! I must endure all this with resignation!"

"Well, Madam, it will give you an opportunity of visiting every thing in our beautiful city of Genoa. We are all at your disposal."

"I do not know how it is, but I do not appear to be so curious in these matters as most people—but then to be sure, when one has seen Paris! No, no; this vagabondising, artistical life, is not to my taste. I should have had a husband who would not have thought of any thing but me—who would have loved me only—who would have looked at me only. I feel jealous even of inanimate objects. Will you believe, Sir, that I broke a beautiful statue of a Bacchanal in my husband's cabinet, because I thought he admired it too much. Isola Bella was out of humor with me for six months."

"That only evinced, Madam, the praiseworthy love you bore your husband."

"You judge me, Sir, with too much lenity. Love had nothing to do in the matter—"

At this moment the Marchioness Grimaldini joined them, and presented an ice to La Tadolina. Fabiano made a sign to Viani, who rose and went towards him.

"My dear Marquis," said Fabiano in a voice almost suffocated by enthusiasm, "I have been conversing with Isola Bella—What a well of knowledge! he is a complete library on two feet!"

"His wife is charming! exquisite! divine, my dear Count."

"Oh! do not talk to me about the wife. The husband has just repeated to me the whole life of Giovanni di Matha. I am perfectly amazed."

"But the Marchioness! the Marchioness!"

"Yes, my dear Viani, I acknowledge that the Marchioness is a most delightful woman. She is a true Parisian—Venus was a Parisian. See how she walks! You might imagine yourself looking at the loveliest of the Graces, who had lost both

her sisters. But she is the wife of my friend, and in Sicily we scrupulously respect that character, ever since the Questorship of Cicero, who, at Syracuse, wrote a magnificent chapter upon the subject. But poor Isola Bella, he thinks only of antiquities, and is about to start for Sicily upon some scientific expedition, leaving his wife in Genoa."

"Do you think, then," said Viani, with apparent indifference, "that this obliging husband intends leaving his wife at an hotel?"

"At an hotel! no; he is too careful of his wife for that; but, as he has just told me, he has taken a pretty little country house at l'Aqua Sola, where the Marchioness will await the return of her husband, as in a convent, having only her lady's maid and two servants to attend upon her. This is the Marquis's plan. He is a bold man, to leave his lovely wife so near to Genoa. Genoa, full of gay young cavaliers like us! However, you and I must keep the secret to ourselves."

Fabiano made a sign to Antonini, who joined them, and they commenced a literary conversation, during which the latter told them he wished to consult some old and scarce books, amongst others, the *Istoria Universale* of Bianchini, the *Vita de San Romualdo* of Castagnizzea, the *Roma Sacra* by Cecconi, which both Viani and Fabiano promised they would procure for him.

"These will be all that I shall require," said Antonini; "excuse me, gentlemen, occasioning you so much trouble. It is very late for me to be out. I have committed quite an excess this evening. We must say good night to the Marchioness Grimaldini."

There was then an exchange of leave-taking, the company broke up, and the Marchioness Grimaldini and her nephews accompanied their distinguished guests to the door of the saloon, where they shook hands and separated.

Viani was the last to leave the house, and these were his last words:—"My

dear Count Fabiano, your Marquis of Isola Bella is undoubtedly a prodigy of learning, there is no denying the fact; but his wife is a miracle of grace and beauty; you have discovered the worth of the husband, I that of the wife."

"Well," said Fabiano, laughing, "let us each keep what we have discovered."

"Agreed, with all my heart," joyously exclaimed Viani.

"I doubt not your acceptance of such terms," said Fabiano, "you have taken the better half."

"Good night, Count Fabiano, I shall expect you to-morrow; and we will together pay our respects to the Marquis and his adorable wife."

(*To be Continued.*)

### ROSANNE'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Here, in a little cave,  
The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,  
All amid lillies pale,  
That turn  
Their heads into my little vault, and mourn,—  
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot:  
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,  
And o'er me a green willow  
Doth weep,  
Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep,  
The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds  
Come to my cave and sigh: they often bring  
Rose leaves upon their wing  
To strew  
O'er my earth, and leaves of violet blue;  
In sooth, leaves of all kind.

Fresh is my mossy bed:  
The frequent pity of the rock falls here,  
A sweet, cold, silent tear:  
I've heard,  
Sometime, a wild and melancholy bird  
Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er  
That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl:—  
"Here lies a simple girl,  
Who died  
Like a pale flower, nipt in its sweet spring-tide,  
E'er it had bloomed"—No more.



End here

## SOUVENIRS DE ROME.

### I.

#### LE COLYSÉE.

Tous les étrangers vont visiter le colysée, et en contemplant ces ruines, ils éprouvent ou prétendent éprouver de poétiques émotions. Chacun d'eux taille sa plume et cherche à décrire ce qu'il a vu, ce qu'il a senti, ce qu'il a rêvé; chacun choisit l'heure et les circonstances les plus propices au développement des impressions que doit éveiller le majestueux édifice. Ainsi, lors de sa première visite, le voyageur prend soin d'éviter l'éclat du grand jour; il fuit la société de ces gens grossiers et prosaïques qui n'entendent absolument rien à la beauté d'un clair de lune. Certains auteurs ont conseillé de n'aller voir le Colysée que l'estomac vide, ce qui dispose au sentiment, ou bien après avoir joui du spectacle des illuminations de la semaine sainte. Mme. Storke recommande même de préférer à tout autre époque celle du second quartier de la lune; à quoi bon? il suffit de s'y rendre à minuit, comme je l'ai fait. Une faible brise agite au tour de moi les feuilles de lierre; la pleine Hécate se montre sans voiles, et inonde de flots de lumière la campagne, les coteaux, les arcades, les temples et les fontaines; c'est une clarté non pas dorée, mais légère, douce, harmonieuse, et telle qu'on en voit rarement dans un autre ciel que celui d'Italie.

Je m'étends sur les gradins les plus élevés où l'on puisse parvenir. Le bruit des pas d'une sentinelle qui arpente l'arène monte faiblement jusqu'à moi. Tout est calme; le silence n'est interrompu que par le cri lugubre d'un hibou, perché sur l'arc de Constantin, et par la chute argentine de l'eau d'une cascade. Rien ne vient troubler le charme, et c'est une bonne fortune à laquelle l'amateur de ruines est loin d'être habitué à Rome. Aucune ville, en effet, n'est moins propre à la contemplation des débris du passé. Aux austères souvenirs de l'éternelle cité se mêlent à chaque instant des spectacles et des bruits modernes. L'ancienne Rome est au milieu de la Rome nouvelle; ses temples sont imprégnés de l'odeur des poissonneries; ses palais sont convertis en échoppes; le mausolée d'Auguste sert aux représentations d'une troupe de jongleurs et d'écuyers, et des marchands de friture sont établis sous le portique d'Octavie. Quiconque vient à Rome pour y ressentir l'effet que causent ordinairement les ruines doit s'attendre à bien des désappointemens. Il lui arrive parfois de se placer dans une attitude poétique, l'œil fixé

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME.

### I.

#### THE COLOSSEUM.

EVERY traveller goes to see the Colosseum. While looking at its ruins, every body feels, or pretends to feel, something akin to the poetical. Every beholder thereof desires to say, or write, something impressive about it. Every one, by judicious selection of time and circumstances, is anxious to secure to himself a fair share of the emotions which its presence is naturally calculated to awaken. Therefore in his *first* visit does he avoid the broad glare of day. Moreover, does he eschew for companions ignoramuses, and likewise those other prosers, who are continually pronouncing moonlight nothing but humbug. He may not be so punctilious as to visit it according to a prescription by Madame Starke, exactly "during the moon's second quarter," or immediately after having witnessed certain illuminations in Holy Week; nor even upon a most empty, and therefore most sentimental, stomach. Sufficient, haply, may it be, if he select an hour like this, of midnight; when but faintly the wind stirs these ivy leaves around me; when the windows of yonder broad full moon seem flung wide open, and over hill and wide campagna, and arch and temple, and fountain and ruin, are poured floods of light: not golden, but light, soft, rich, mellow and mellowing, such as may be seldom seen in other than the sky of an Italian evening.

I recline upon the loftiest approachable resting-place. The sound of a sentry's footsteps, as he stalks through the arena below, faintly reach me at this far height. All things are in repose. The silence is unbroken, save by the desolate hooting of an owl on yonder Arch of Constantine, and the silver-like falling of water from a fountain near. There is nothing to break the charm. A good fortune this, and rather unusual to the lover of ruins in Rome. I was about to say that, for such romantic individual, this is one of the least favorable resorts in the world. His serious, antique memories are not merely marred, but broken continually into a thousand fragments, by common-place, modern, modernizing sights and sounds around him. Ancient Rome is in the midst of modern Rome. Her temples are within the smell of fish markets. Her palaces are serving as stables for oxen and horses. Her theatres are converted into shoe-shops. The mausoleum of Augustus is now appropriated to the exhibition of jugglers and circus riders; and fritters are at this moment frying in the Portico of Octavia. Whoever comes hither for the agreeable impression which ruins, properly beheld, sometimes awaken, must prepare himself for vexations and disappointments. Perchance he flings himself into poetical attitudes, with the "mighty ruin"

sur un antique monument ; une mélancolie délicate s'empare de tout son être, il la savoure avec ivresse, quand tout-à-coup le tintement de la sebile d'étain d'un mandiant, le cri d'une femme de la halle, ou quelque autre bruit désenchanté, comme les accens du coq matinal, mettent en fuite les ombres qu'il avait évoquées. Il s'en retourne chez lui, triste et mécontent ; il se compare à ce malheureux attablé devant un banquet splendide dont une main invisible faisait successivement disparaître tous les mets au moment où il allait assouvir sa faim. L'amateur de ruines, las de celles de Rome, peut se transporter en imagination dans les vastes plaines de Thèbes, dans les déserts où fut Palmyre, et là du moins, au milieu des silencieuses solitudes, il trouvera à satisfaire ses goûts ; mais ici tout est pêle-mêle, morts et vivans, ville impériale et ville papale, passé et présent, intelligence et matière. Et puis, à quelles déceptions n'est-on pas exposé ! L'origine, l'histoire, la destination de la plus grande partie des antiquités sont le sujet d'une demi douzaine de théories contradictoires, " Ceci est un temple," dit l'un—" c'est un bain," dit un autre. " Je vous assure que c'est un palais," s'écrie un troisième. " J'ai des preuves certaines que c'est une basilique," dit un quatrième. Le voyageur enthousiaste admire une haute colonne. On lui a affirmé qu'elle était du temps de la république, qu'elle faisait partie des restes peu nombreux de cette héroïque période. Aussitôt son imagination l'environne de prestigieuses apparitions.—C'est autour de cette colonne que s'assemblaient les plus illustres citoyens de la vieille Rome, les dames romaines les plus chastes et les plus dévouées ; la voilà sanctifiée à ses yeux ; il est heureux d'avoir devant lui un débris qui lie le présent à l'une des plus belles époques de l'histoire de l'humanité. Quelle doit être sa douleur quand, de retour à sa chambre, il ouvre une description des antiquités de Rome, et y voit péremptoirement démontré que cette même colonne fut érigée, non pas du temps de la république, mais cinq cents ans plus tard, durant la décadence de l'empire, par l'un de ses maîtres les plus vils et les plus dissolus !

De pareilles mésaventures arrivent souvent. Au milieu de tant d'opinions diverses, le plus sage parti à prendre, c'est d'adopter l'avis qui assigne à un monument l'antiquité la plus reculée et y rapporte les plus glorieux souvenirs. On se trompera parfois ; mais qu'importe ? On aura été ému, ou aura joui d'un instant de plaisir et d'extase, n'est-ce pas assez ?

Mais quant au Colysée, où je repose à cette heure, il n'est le sujet d'aucun doute ; mille preuves authentiques concourent à nous appren-

directly in his eye. The melancholy, and of course delightful, sensation has commenced. The mysterious influence, rife with all antiquity, is passing into his deepest heart. He is just beginning to enjoy, when alas ! the jingle of a beggar's tin cup, the scream of a market-woman, or some other of the thousand disenchanting sounds here audible, breaks in, like the crow of a morning cock, startling into sudden flight the ghosts of departed beauty and majesty, which haply he had invoked into his imagination and presence. He starts off for his lodgings, unsatisfied, and chagrined. He reminds him of his likeness to that miserable one, from whom, by some invisible hand, luxuriously crowded banquets are fabled to have been snatched away, just as they were on the eve of gratifying his half-famished appetite. He denounces ruin-seeing in the Eternal City as a bore, and for a moment imagines himself translated to the vast plains of Thebes, or among the untenanted ruins of Balbec or Palmyra, where, meditating among voiceless solitudes, he may satisfy his taste thoroughly, without interruption, and without deception. I say *without deception*. He cannot always boast of that freedom in Rome. He is continually in danger of being gulled. About the origin, history, and objects, of a great majority of the antiquities here seen, there are some half dozen contradictory theories. The antiquaries are all pulling in different directions. The temple of one is the bath of a second, the palace of a third, and the basilica of a fourth. Behold yonder ruin-admirer. His eye is upon a lofty column. He has been told that it belongs to the times of the Republic ; it is one of the few relics of that heroic era, which time and human passion have permitted to live. Instantly, in his fancy, it is surrounded with magnanimous associations. It is the very column, at whose base have rested the noblest of Roman patriots,—the purest of Roman matrons. It has in his memory become sanctified. Happy he, thus to have before him an object, linking the present with one of the finest periods in human history ! What must be his chagrin, however, when, on returning to his chamber, and opening a description of the Antiquities of Rome, he finds it positively stated, that this very column was first erected, not in the time of the Republic, but five hundred years later, in one of the most degenerate periods of the empire by one of its most dissolute and degraded rulers.

Now, this only illustrates what is here of most frequent occurrence. In the midst of jarring statements, the antiquity gazer is wisest who permits himself to be governed by that theory, which haply shall invest objects with the greatest quantity of the antique, and the greatest number of impressive associations. If now and then cheated, why should he be sad ? He has enjoyed the impression, and happy thus far, has secured one end of mortal life. We know it is but a very small portion of the agency which works in us our deepest feelings, and our happiest, that is truly worthy of so doing.

But of *this* ruin—the Colosseum—whereon I now rest, there can be no doubt. It is what it claims to be. It comes down to us, bearing around



dre quel en était l'usage, et les plus sceptiques peuvent s'abandonner à la rêverie qu'il inspire sans craindre d'être le jouet d'une erreur. Pour complaire à ceux qui veulent des dates et des mesures, mentionnons qu'il fut commencé par Flavius Vespasien, soixante-douze ans après Jésus-Christ, et qu'on employa quatre ans à le construire; qu'il est ovale, qu'on évalue sa circonférence à mille sept cents quarante un pieds, et sa hauteur à cent soixante-dix-neuf pieds; que l'arène, également ovale, a trois cents pieds de long sur cent quatre-vingt-dix-neuf de large; qu'on y entraît par quatre-vingts arcades pratiquées dans le mur extérieur; qu'il y pouvait tenir plus de cent mille spectateurs; qu'il ne reste pas plus d'un tiers des pierres qui composaient primitivement l'édifice, et que les deux autres tiers ont été enlevés pour être employés dans la construction de divers palais et église; que l'arène est maintenant consacrée au culte catholique, et décorée de quatorze peintures représentant les stations du chemin du Calvaire, et qu'au milieu s'élève une croix qu'il suffit de baiser une seule fois pour gagner une indulgence de deux cents jours.

De simples descriptions peuvent-elles donner une idée du Colysée? Ce n'est pas la grâce, ce n'est pas la beauté qu'il faut chercher dans les travaux des Romains; c'est l'immensité, la grandeur gigantesque, panthéiste, que ni peinture, ni phrase, ni langage ne peuvent reproduire.

Des circonstances qui me sont personnelles me font trouver plus de charmes à l'aspect de ces ruines. Quelques mois auparavant, j'étais sur les bords du Mississippi; je suis aujourd'hui sur les bords du Tibre; j'ai passé d'un extrême à l'autre, du berceau d'un peuple enfant au tombeau d'un peuple mort. J'ai vu des forêts encore vierges, des cités naissantes, des institutions nouvelles, des nations jeunes et actives, travaillant à se constituer, ayant leur carrière de gloire ou de honte à parcourir, tournant le dos au passé et les yeux fixés vers l'avenir, et me voilà maintenant entouré de colonnes renversées, de temples démolis, de palais de niveau avec le sol, au milieu des derniers vestiges d'un peuple qui a fait son temps, et qui est enterré. Là je sentais en mon cœur l'espérance, vive et joyeuse, ici le triste et morne souvenir.

Les heures s'écoulaient, et soudain un bruit de voix m'arrache à mes réflexions. Ce sont des

it a thousand well-ascertained truths, whereof we need not have the slightest distrust. Even the most sceptical as to the safety of feeling emotion in presence of a ruin, may do it here without the least possible danger. For the benefit of those whose interest is deep in dates and measures, I will note down that it was commenced by Flavian Vespasian, seventy-two years after Christ, and was completed in four years; that its shape is oval, and computed to be one thousand seven hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height; that its arena, likewise oval, is three hundred feet long, one hundred and ninety feet wide; that its entrances were by eighty arches in the outer wall; that it furnished seats for more than one hundred thousand spectators; that not more than one-third of the stones composing the original building now remain—the other two-thirds having been conveyed away, to serve for the construction of several Roman palaces and churches; that to Catholic worship is now consecrated its arena, around the sides of which are fourteen painted *stagioni*, representing different events which happened to our Savior as he was going to Mount Calvary, and in whose centre stands a cross, that for every kiss, holds out to the faithful an indulgence of two hundred days.

But of what avail are mere descriptions, to convey into the distant mind an idea of the *magnitude* of the Colosseum? For be it remembered, that the ruin illustrates, not the grace or beauty, but the enormous *hugeness* only of Roman thought. None but those who, having read such descriptions, have afterwards been so fortunate as to judge of their inadequacy by actual inspection, can answer. For myself I speak. I had often seen the Colosseum through written language, through painting, through oral descriptions. The second, not the first view, proved to me how inadequate were those vehicles of representation.

There might have been some deluding fancy about my inspection. The interest of personal situation might have operated deceitfully upon me. I had suddenly passed between two very opposite extremes. I had stepped, at once, from the cradle of one people into the grave of another. But a few months before, I stood upon the banks of the Mississippi; I was now upon those of the Tiber. *Then* around me were forests yet untouched by the axe, cities just bursting into their youth, institutions developing their earliest influences, multitudes all bustling and anxious, their energies just quickened into first vigorous action, their career of glory or of shame yet to be run, their backs upon the past, and their faces all intently on the future. From those fresh scenes and the hopes they created, I had been suddenly transported. I was *now* among prostrate pillars; among fanes dismantled, and palaces even with the earth; among the relics of a nation that had had its day; among the people whose faces seem ever towards the past. Other scenes had produced other ideas. The *To Be* was exchanged for the *Had Been*. The one was all for hope, the other for recollection. In the former was much joy, in the latter was all sadness!

In thoughts like these were the midnight moments gliding away, when I was startled by the

Allemands qui ont l'habitude de se rendre au Colysée durant les belles soirées, et d'y chanter en chœur des airs choisis avec goût. Cette charmante mélodie dure peu; je n'entends plus bientôt que le murmure de l'eau qui tombe et le cri du hibou sur l'arc de Constantin. Je me levai et suivis les étudiants allemands qui allaient à l'atelier de Thorwaldsen.

sound of musical voices. They proceeded from a party of Germans, who, giving notice thereof to a few friends, are accustomed, on fine evenings like this, to repair hither, and increase, if possible, the natural impressiveness of the scene, by the artificial aid of well-chosen songs. The words embodied some brief, impressive event in Italian history, and as their last tones died away upon the desolate silence, the sound of falling water was again heard from the fountain, and the owl resumed its hoot upon the Arch of Constantine.

### THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,  
Whose birth place we know not, and seek not to know,  
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,  
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,  
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;  
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,  
As though 'twere enamoured itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers  
On the stream as it loved the bright place of its rest,  
And its waves pass in song, as the sea shells' soft numbers  
Had giv'n to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and sunny;  
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers weep—  
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,  
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,  
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;  
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?  
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty?—not one.

Oh my heart, and my song which is as my heart's flowing,  
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own;  
'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,  
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone.

Dark is its birth-place so dark is my spirit,  
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;  
'Tis the long after-course not the source, will inherit  
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

### CANZONET.

The star is in the west, my love!  
The bright star of the sky;  
'Mid the dark jasmine trees the dove  
On white wings glideth by,—  
And the sweet dews from heaven above  
Are falling silently.

To me, be thou that star, my love!  
The bright star of my sky;  
Come, as that soft and beauteous dove  
On white wings gliding by,—  
While like sweet dews from heaven above  
Our tears fall silently!



End here

## DIANTHUS CARYOPHYLLUS.

[THE PINK OR CLOVE CARNATION.]

Class.

CARYOPHYLLÆ.

Order.

SYLENACÆ.

Natural Order.

DUOTYLEDONES.

**GENERIC CHARACTER.**—An evergreen herbaceous plant, ornamental, perennial in its duration—stem, branched; flower, solitary; scales, very short, ovate; petals, very broad; beardless leaves, linear, tubulate, channelled, glaucous.

This genus of perennial and herbaceous plants, are so well known for the beauty of their flowers and their great fragrance, that it is hardly necessary to give many details as to their generic character.

In a cultivated state the Clove Carnation may be called the breeder, or normal form, as it bears about the same relation to the variegated carnation as the self-colored tulips and auriculas do to the named varieties of those plants. The varieties of carnations are divided into three kinds—the Flakes which are striped with broad bands of two colors; the Bizarres which are striped or streaked, with three colors; and the Picotees which are much the hardiest, and are only bordered with a narrow margin of some dark color, or dotted with very small and almost imperceptible spots.

Carnations should be grown in a rich loam, mixed with sand or peat, to keep it open, and a

little manure or vegetable mould to enrich it.—They do best in pots, and the earth should be pressed into the pot as firmly as possible; more so, indeed, than for any other plant. The plants raised from layers should be separated from the parent in August, and they may be potted then in a five-inch pot. The pots should be well drained, and the plants frequently watered, till about the middle of October, when the watering should be gradually decreased. About the middle of November, (according to the season) the plants should be removed to a green house or shed, where they should be kept entirely in the shade. Here they may remain till March or April, when they should be re-potted and turned into the open air, and transplanted into open ground or large pots in May. When the buds have formed, the plants should be well watered morning and evening.

### THE BOUQUET.

When every leaf is brightly green,  
When every stem hath sweetest flowers,  
And brilliant hues bedeck the scene,  
Throughout the joyous summer hours;

When sweetest perfumes scent the air,  
When the bright sky hath deepest blue,  
When fairest scenes seem doubly fair,  
And all is cloudless to our view;

Say, with what feelings do we gaze  
Upon the garden's gaudy flowers,  
The Rose's tint, the Tulip's blaze,  
The sweet Carnation's spicy powers!

Their beauty greeteth every eye,  
Their perfume floats on every breeze,  
Yielding rich incense to the sky,—  
Our love abideth not with these.

But when the snowdrop's fragile head,  
First timidly attracts our view,  
Ere winter's sternest hour hath fled,  
Like friendship to affliction true;

And when the breath of early spring  
Gives to the modest Primrose birth,  
And tempts the Violet to bring  
Her beauty from the sheltering earth;

It is with exquisite delight  
We hail these unassuming flowers,  
More dearly precious in our sight,  
Than all that deck our summer bowers.

They are the prized, the cherished few,  
Types of our best affections here;  
Our path they beautifully strew,  
And first perchance in gloom appear.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE 1.—Evening dress of rose-coloured crape, trimmed with passementerie, the hair dressed in the new fashioned grapes boules, with rosettes of pink ribbon terminating in falling ends ornamented with silver fringe.

FIGURE 2.—Grand Ball Dress of white satin,

trimmed with flounces of magnificent Brussels lace, looped at one side of the skirt with blue satin ribands. Hat à la Dubary, with marabout feathers and roses.

FIGURE 3.—Dress of yellow satin; camail of blue satin, trimmed with swan's down. Fatina turban.

## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, March 1, 1843.

**CAPS.**—The Bretons caps are now much sought after for a morning toilette, in muslin or lace; they are generally lined with different light colors, giving them a very pretty effect. Those in tulle are mostly made short at the ears, and ornamented at each side with three choux of red satin riband, a wreath of very small rosettes passing round the back of the cap. Some are made without any caul, and merely formed of a long piece of lace, attached on each side with a cluster of small flowers, and a nœud of yellow satin riband, forming streamers on each side.

**BONNETS.**—The most fashionable are those of verdant green satin, and ornamented with a plume de Cascar of the same color. Satin is certainly now the most prevailing material for bonnets.

**TURBANS.**—The toque à l'Épernon is one of the newest that has lately made its appearance, being composed of sky-blue velvet, twisted over with strings and tassels of delicate pearls and tufts of white feathers; this toque is finished with a band or edge of black velvet, upon which is attached twisted feathers à la Châteaubriand, giving the turban a most charming effect, and particularly adapted for those ladies who wear their hair long and in the Sévigné style.

**PROMENADE DRESSES.**—Amidst the numberless varieties in this style of dress, we cannot fail distinguishing a dress of African velvet, of a pearl grey; the jupe plain, and tight high body; a triple coture, tight sleeves, and camail of ermine, lined with blue satin. Dresses in black satin are generally ornamented upon the front of the skirt with a fancy silk trimming and buttons; high body, gauged lengthways; the sleeves plain up to the elbow, and demi larges at the top. Those in satin à la reine are sometimes trimmed with bands of narrow velvet, put on in waves; the body flat à revers, (or faced); and sleeves trimmed with epaulets divided up the

centre and decorated with velvet. A crispin of velvet is worn with this dress, trimmed with zibeline fur of Siberia; muff of the Russian fox.

**HALF-DRESS COSTUME.**—The bodies of these dresses are mostly of a rounded form, and having a band round the waist. A very distinguished style of dress are those made in green velvet, the body high and opening in the front of the bust and turning back somewhat in the form of a lapel, faced with pink satin; the skirt open on each side and ornamented with a double riband of green satin crossed, allowing of an underneath breadth of pink satin being seen, the lacing of riband terminating with a bow of the same.

**BALL DRESSES.**—Decidedly the most fashionable trimmings for ball dresses are the wreaths of flowers running up each side of the skirts; for instance, a blond dress, the pattern à petits bouquets de roses, raised and caught up on each side by a garland of very small May roses; this garland is attached to the waist, and raises the skirt in the form of a drapery as high as about the middle of the leg. This robe being raised allows of an under skirt being seen, composed of white satin, and trimmed with a volant, or flounce of blonde. This flounce is also raised on each side, and attached with bunches of roses, just under where the top wreaths finish.

**WRAPS FOR AN EVENING.**—The most elegant style of evening wrap, are those Polish mantels called paletots, particularly when made in pink velours épingle, ample in the folds, and somewhat resembling those worn by men, descending in length to about the middle of the leg; the sleeves are made large, and are faced round the border, lined with white fur, and encircled with a row of ermine.

Colors for this month are, generally speaking, of a lighter hue than those worn during the past month, such as sea-greens, violets, mauve, fawn, maroon, and shaded colors; the latter in particular are mostly adopted.



